

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.
FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

3217



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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
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ROBIN WI' THE CURLY HAIR.

St. Martin's Fair was all astir,
 Wi' folk from far and wide,
 The Squire was in his yellow chaise,
 And Madam by his side.
 And there were booths and wondrous
 shows,
 Where laughter sounded free,
 But Robin wi' the curly hair
 Was all I cared to see.

A sergeant came, wi' flatt'ring tongue
 And knot o' ribbons gay,
 His tale was all o' gallant deeds
 And countries far away.
 The coin was ta'en, and they were
 gone,—
 The day was done for me,
 For Robin wi' the curly hair
 Was all I'd come to see.

Now Martinmas is round again,
 But Robin comes no more:
 Wi' heart for ever still he lies
 Upon a foreign shore.
 The fair and all its merry crowd,
 I canna bear to see,
 For Robin wi' the curly hair
 Was all the world to me!

Sarah J. Cole.

Pall Mall Magazine.

A SONG OF SOMERSET.

East, west, where fortune leads, I
 follow,
 And take my chance of dry or wet;
 But faithful as the homing swallow
 I still come back to Somerset.
 Some folk at will their bonds can
 sever;
 But I have loved one home too long,
 And in my heart I hear for ever
 Yon out-o'-mind w'old-vashioned song:
 "I niver niver can vurget
 I vurst dra'ed breath in Zummerset."

There flowers our own sweet apple-
 blossom;
 There the wide-spreading orchards be
 That stretch from Mendips' rocky
 bosom
 Down to the golden Severn sea.
 A land of many a village nestling
 Each in its little shady combe,

Where lads are strong for work or
 wrestling,
 And maidens like a rose in bloom.
 Ah! hapless he who never met
 A rose-red maid o' Somerset!

There Bath, with guardian hills sur-
 rounded,
 Lies lovely as a sleeping queen;
 Wells, by her ring of towers bounded,
 And Taunton 'mid her verdant Dean.
 And there, where Saxon monks made
 merry,
 And Dunstan twisted Satan's tail,
 The ruined walls of Glastonbury
 Rise from the fields of Polden Vale.
 Town after town, like jewels set
 In the fair crown of Somerset.

Fair winds, free way, for Youth the
 rover:

We all must share the curse o' Cain;
 But bring me back, when youth is over,
 To the old crooked shire again.
 Aye, bring me back in life's declining
 To the one home that's home for me,
 Where in the west the sunset shining
 Goes down into the Severn sea;
 And let my dying eyes be set
 On the dear hills of Somerset.

Edward Sydney Tylee.

The Spectator.

TO AN OLD TUNE.

Twilight it is, and the far woods are
 dim, and the rooks cry and call,
 Down in the valley the lamps, and the
 mist, and a star over all;
 There by the rick, where they thresh,
 is the drone at an end;
 Twilight it is, and I travel the road
 with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead,
 who were dear long ago in the
 past,
 Shipmates who sang the old songs in
 the light of the moon by the mast;
 Friends with the beautiful eyes that
 the dust has defiled,
 Beautiful souls who were gentle when
 I was a child.

John Masefield.

The Speaker.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.*

When Napoleon was accomplishing the sale of Louisiana to the United States he is reported to have said, "By this act I am giving Great Britain a rival on the sea who will one day humble her pride." Considering all the circumstances that brought about that momentous concession on the part of France to the youthful democracy to which she had herself stood sponsor, it may be a matter of doubt whether Napoleon's phrase was not employed to conceal his chagrin at a forced surrender, thus making a stroke of policy out of necessity. However that may be, when the centenary of the Louisiana purchase came about, it found Great Britain and the United States on a footing of greater friendliness than they had known since the War of Independence. But if one side of Napoleon's prediction had been falsified after a century, the other side, which was rather implied than stated, had been amply justified. The United States, at the time of the opening of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, were already launched on that career of expansion which was indeed a movement of much earlier date but became definitely consecrated as a recognized policy by the war with Spain.

The imperialist attitude is by no means adopted by all Americans with delight or even with "sombre acquiescence." The conservative dream of a

vast nation divorced for ever from the squabbles of the Old World, dwelling serenely, like the blameless Ethiopians, on the confines of the globe and only clashing with those Powers, if any, who might wantonly infringe the precepts of Monroe, has gone for ever, and it is well that Europe, no less than America herself, should be taking stock of the new position. Certainly no international upheaval comparable with this has occurred since the creation of the German Empire revolutionized the European situation, but the change in America has not startled the world with a similar shock by reason of the remoter localities in which the drama has been conducted. It has not, it is true, been ignored by statesmen or political thinkers, and it has been proclaimed aloud many times with such ringing emphasis by President Roosevelt that there is no excuse for not taking our reckonings in a matter which is after all only the natural outcome of a long course of national evolution. This remarkable man undoubtedly embodies in himself the aspirations of his country in a way that no other ruler of the day, hardly excepting the German Kaiser, can be said to do. He was installed in the Presidency by a constitutional accident which only befell through a deplorable act of fanaticism. No political foresight could have provided against this, and his enemies within

* 1 "The Message of President Roosevelt to Congress." December 5, 1905.

2 "Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt," 1902-04. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

3 "American Ideals and Other Essays." By Theodore Roosevelt. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

4 "American Diplomatic Questions." By J. Henderson, jun. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

5 "Cuba and International Relations." By J. M. Callahan, Ph.D. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1899.

6 "De Monroe à Roosevelt. Par le Marquis de Barral-Montferrat. Paris: Pion, Nourrit & Cie. 1905.

7 "Back to Sunny Seas." By Frank T. Bullen. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1905.

his own party found themselves outmanœuvred by Fortune when they believed that by forcing him into the Vice-Presidency he was eliminated as a dangerously uncontrollable factor from future Presidential problems. He has held the great office, thus casually acquired, with so much satisfaction to the nation that he was reinstalled by a popular vote so sweeping and enthusiastic that he stands before the world master of the destinies of the American people in a sense that no President has been since Lincoln. Indeed, the existing political situation in the United States realizes more nearly than in the case of any other great Power to-day the dream of those who, like M. Deschanel, sigh for a plebiscitary republic.

One of the most interesting problems that confront us must be how the future will work out the relations between President and Senate. Many minor causes have been bringing this constitutional difficulty to the front. The struggle which is undoubtedly pending between the two predominant partners in the control of the State may be developed along the lines of domestic policy, for it is quite clear that unless some highly important point in foreign affairs supervene, which is improbable, the President's campaign in favor of regulating railway rates by legislation will be the cause of grave dissensions in the Legislature. On the other hand, in external affairs the Senate thinks that it has reason for dissatisfaction because the President has acted in what is alleged to be a high-handed manner in dealing with San Domingo, and it has left the ratification of his action in suspense.

In January, 1905, the financial condition of that Republic was such that it seemed likely to offer the unpleasant possibility of an interference by European creditors in its internal affairs.

In this they would only have been following the example of the United States Government, which, acting on a sentence of their Courts given on July 14, 1904, undertook, with the consent of the Government of the island, to collect its revenues through American functionaries. The only way to avert a perfectly just demand on the part of the European creditors of that distracted Republic to do the same was for the United States to establish a financial control over it, to collect the revenues and distribute equitably the sums due among the creditors, deducting a reasonable amount for the expenses of the Government. This proposal was accepted by the Dominican authorities, and a protocol was signed in January last between the late Mr. Hay and the Dominican Minister for Foreign Affairs in accordance with the agreement arrived at. The ingenuity in calling this document a "protocol" and not a "treaty" lay in the fact that it could thus be negotiated without previous submission to the Senate. When it was presented for its approval, the Senate refused to sanction it, but the financial protectorate over San Domingo has been none the less established, and the further development of the matter is fraught with considerable interest. The Senate has opposed American expansion before, *e.g.* in Texas and Samoa, and has ultimately given way, but in this case a constitutional question is involved which may well give rise to a far-reaching dispute. Nevertheless it is not probable that the Senate will hold this ground to be happily chosen for a pitched battle, though undoubtedly the President has actually, if not technically, trenched upon its prerogatives. But can the Senate long avert the great increase in strength of the Presidential office which must follow upon the assumption by the United States of the position of a world-Power? The

President himself clearly recognizes the position of affairs, and has been steadily preparing for a struggle, whether it be destined to come now or later. His recent campaign in the South has had remarkable results. It would seem as if he had succeeded, not only in effacing the sinister suspicions founded on his praiseworthy determination to recognize merit wherever he found it among colored citizens no less than white, but had also evoked enthusiasm even in Democratic centres such as no other Republican leader has ever reached. In fact, at a moment when no great movement in internal politics seems to be stirring the masses and the prevailing prosperity averts men's minds from the consideration of social disorders, Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded in embodying in his own strenuous and thoroughly American personality the new-born desire of his country to take its place once for all among the expansive forces that are to play an imperial part in the world's destiny. His campaign against the great interests which threaten industrial freedom only tends up to the present to render him more popular with the masses, and will help to half disarm those opponents who foresee the same dangers at home and are looking for some potent agency to combat them, even though they resent his forward policy abroad. His success in bringing about peace at the Portsmouth Conference has naturally flattered the patriotism of his countrymen, and he would probably be re-elected to-day by an even more crushing majority than that which ushered in his present term.

Both the hour, then, and the man have come, such a conjunction as appears rarely in the history of nations, for Mr. Roosevelt has been endeavoring for years to direct his countrymen by precept in the direction whither it has now become his fortune to conduct them, and the whole history of the

United States and their policy shows that the progress of recent years is nothing new or startling, but the legitimate, and indeed inevitable, outcome of their past.

The same might be said of Mr. Roosevelt himself. We have here two volumes in which are set down his views on these matters, one of them consisting of essays or lectures written and delivered before there was any prospect of his attaining the political eminence at which he has now arrived, or at least no greater prospect than is offered to every able and aspiring politician in the United States. No one, after reading them, can deny that they differ fundamentally and in every respect from the "flapdoodle" of the merely clever machine man or party orator, though in the later Messages there is a deplorable descent in that direction. It is easy to see that with Mr. Roosevelt the greatness and the expansive capacity of the United States are a conviction almost religious in its intensity, while his belief in their future as a great Imperial Power was formed in days before the Spanish War made it clear to all the world that they had become one. His contempt for the American who prefers to live abroad is only equalled by the fiery indignation which colors his denunciations of those who will not accept his doctrine of the "Big Stick." Surely sometimes this denunciation verges on the ludicrous, when, for instance, he discourses as follows:

The painter who goes to Paris, not merely to get two or three years' thorough training in his art, but with the deliberate purpose of taking up his abode there and with the intention of following in the ruts worn deep by the thousand earlier travellers, instead of striking off to rise or fall on a new line, thereby forfeits all chance of doing the best work. He must content himself with aiming at that kind of

mediocrity which consists in doing fairly well what has already been done better.¹

Now, if this indictment be true of Paris, it is, of course, equally true of London as a residence for Americans, but it is so manifestly untrue when applied to the careers of the distinguished artists who have had the bad taste to prefer the Old World as a residence to the New, that we need not pursue the subject to demonstration, and we only allude to it to make clear the strength, verging on extravagance, of Mr. Roosevelt's patriotism. But of the articles reprinted in this volume, by far the most interesting politically are those on the "Monroe Doctrine" and "Washington's Maxim." The former was written in a college magazine at the time of our dispute with President Cleveland on the Venezuela boundary, when the writer was head of the Police Department in New York. Some passages deserve quotation, as they clearly demonstrate the uncompromising spirit in which the President approaches the relations of the United States with the European world. "If the Monroe doctrine did not exist, it would be necessary to create it." "Every true patriot, every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the day when not a single European Power will hold a foot of American soil." This is a startling "American ideal," especially for this country, but it is satisfactory to find that "at present it is not necessary to take the position that no European Power should hold American territory." It may help us to realize the sentiments of Canada at the time of the Alaska dispute if we study the following:

The Englishman at bottom looks down on the Canadian, as he does on any one who admits his inferiority, and quite properly too. The American,

¹ "American Ideals," p. 24.

on the other hand, with equal propriety, regards the Canadian with the good-natured condescension always felt by the freeman for the man who is not free.²

It would be interesting to know in what respect the Canadian is "not free," but an inquiry into the relations between England and Canada does not come within the scope of this article. We have produced these citations to show how deeply rooted are the convictions the President is now translating into action. In the address entitled "Washington's forgotten maxim," we have clearly set forth the theories of policy enunciated and emphasized by Mr. Roosevelt in every Message that he has delivered since he took office.

Our interests are as great in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, in the Hawaiian Islands as in the West Indies. Merely for the protection of our shores we need a great navy, and what is more, we need it to protect our interests in the islands from which it is possible to command our shores. Still more is it necessary to have a fleet of great battleships if we intend to live up to the Monroe Doctrine, and to insist upon its observance in the two Americas and the islands on either side of them.³

The "forgotten maxim" of Washington, which gives its title to this paper, is a maxim which seems trite enough in Old World politics—"To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace." Although we almost feel the expression sacrilegious, Washington's "maxim" was a commonplace centuries before he gave it his imprimatur, but the remote position of the United States had up to quite recent times enabled them to ignore its application to themselves. Mr. Roose-

² Op. cit. p. 235.

³ "American Ideals," p. 247 et seq.

velt had therefore ample justification for re-enforcing it, and since he became President he has never been tired of reading his countrymen the same lesson. Indeed, it is a necessary one when we consider the enormous extension that he has himself given to the Monroe Doctrine. In order to see how far Mr. Roosevelt has travelled during the last ten years we have only to compare his utterances in 1896 with those in 1905. In the earlier pronouncement he said:

The United States has not the slightest wish to establish a universal protectorate over other American States, or to become responsible for their misdeeds. If one of them becomes involved in an ordinary quarrel with a European Power, such quarrel must be settled between them by any one of the usual methods. But no European State is to be allowed to aggrandize itself on American soil at the expense of any American State.⁴

This theory has now developed into something very different. Mr. Roosevelt's claim has become that the United States have the right, considering their position of overwhelming power in the Western Hemisphere, to police the South American Republics. In his Message to Congress of December, 1904, we read as follows:

Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power.

Mr. Root, who is now Secretary of State, and is credited with playing

"son Eminence grise" to the President's Richelieu, speaking in the same month, puts the dots upon the "I's":

"If," he said, "we are to maintain this doctrine, which is vital to our national life and safety, at the same time when we say to other Powers of the world, 'You shall not push your remedies for wrong against these republics to the point of occupying their territory,' we are bound to say that whenever the wrong cannot be otherwise redressed, we ourselves will see that it is redressed."

This sentiment was finding its illustration at the time of its utterance by the arrangement for financial control then being concluded with San Domingo. Mr. Root further advanced the proposition that,

In the long process of years, I think we can safely say that there has been gradually accumulated such a weight of assent upon the part of foreign nations to our right to assert and maintain this doctrine that it is no longer open to question.

If this statement be true, it is perhaps even more important than the extension of Monroeism asserted by the President and Mr. Root. But is it true? If it were, it would mean practically that that theory was definitely accepted by the world as a maxim of international law, which it is not. A short historical examination of its origin and development will demonstrate that it is nothing more or less than the claim of any other nation to act as it deems it best for its own safety.

When the Monroe Doctrine was first launched upon the world its authors had no conception of the wide application that in after years it would receive. Far more responsible than President Monroe for its phraseology was John Quincy Adams, and it was framed not with a view to general application. It was originally created to meet an

⁴ Op. cit. p. 231.

emergency, though it has now become a fetish. The two dangers confronting the United States in 1823 were the possibility that France might help Spain to recover her revolted colonies, and that Russia might encroach upon the Pacific shores of their continent. On both these points it is quite clear that the promulgation of Monroe's Message served its purpose. By the treaty of 1824, Russia accepted the parallel of 54° 40' as her southern limit, thus abandoning the untenable ground taken up by the Tsar in his ukase of 1821, by which he claimed the north-west coast down to the 51st parallel, including the extravagant demand that no foreign vessel should approach Russian territory within 100 miles. It was to combat this aggression that the paragraph challenging the right of any European Power to colonize any part of the continent was drawn. One other phrase in the famous Message deserves notice, for it has been the foundation of the subsequent corollary that, because the United States do not intend to interfere in Europe, they have a right to demand that European Powers should hold themselves aloof from the concerns of America. The words are these:

Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its Powers.

Even this statement owed its origin to immediate or recent circumstances. After the War of Independence there was a party anxious to continue the French alliance, which had proved so decisive a factor in the attainment of independence, but they were wisely overruled. The principle of non-interference in Europe was therefore originally at once an excuse for not helping

their former ally, and the necessary make-weight to the demand that the European Powers should hold aloof from America. But President Monroe was not himself responsible for assuming this position. He was anxious to include in his Message a distinct recognition of Greek independence. This would have destroyed at once the claim to be considered as divorced from European entanglements, and was strongly combated by Adams, who maintained that the President should disclaim any intention of interfering in them and make his stand for an American cause alone. That this was the safe and logical line has been proved by the subsequent course of events, and it would be almost the whole truth to say that in the end the famous "doctrine" was that of Adams and not Monroe. The wide sweep given to the declaration he had himself invited alarmed Canning, and he protested against the "colonization" clause, but for many years the theory was not pushed to its logical conclusions in its country of origin; indeed, the author himself seemed disposed to run away from the deductions which might be legitimately drawn from it. Congress at once assumed that position of opposition to the Executive which has been so frequently its attitude in after years. Within two months of Monroe's Message being published, Henry Clay, the Speaker of the House, introduced a resolution approving the theory of Monroe, but the resolution was shelved incontinently. The South American States themselves also were by no means eager in its support. The Colombian Congress resolved that it was "an act eminently just and worthy of the classic land of liberty." But in reality Spanish South America had, and has, no very profound affection for the Anglo-Saxon, and distrusted the promised protection of their great neighbor with some justification.

Events soon proved their suspicion was well founded, and that whereas they are to-day threatened with too much protection, in the early years of Monroeism the United States considered it to be only of immediate application, and had no intention of making of it a principle of policy. Adams, when President, and Clay, his henchman, both held that the United States should not guarantee the "Doctrine," of which the former was really the author, while Daniel Webster based the whole theory on expediency, which indeed is its whole basis both in reason and policy.

This disinclination on the part of the United States to maintain strictly the attitude expressed in the declaration of Monroe was illustrated in three practical cases during the years that followed. The first dispute in which it might have been effectively brought into play was over the Falkland Islands, when the British entered into possession in 1829 against the protests of the Republic of Buenos Ayres, which claimed to be the legitimate successor in title of Spain. This incident occurred in the time of President Jackson, and was a far more flagrant violation of Monroeism than our claim on Venezuela seventy years later. In 1835 another dispute arose in which England played a part. Brazil in that year called on Great Britain and France to assist her to maintain the integrity of Uruguay, which was threatened by Buenos Ayres. Those Powers established a blockade and prevented the suppression of the new Republic. In spite of the taunts of South America, the United States refused to see any cause for interference. In the same year, 1835, we made a great encroachment on the territory of Nicaragua by extending the boundary of British Honduras. President Jackson declined to interfere. The theory of Monroeism did not appeal to him, nor indeed did it, so far as those re-

gions were concerned, to his successors until the question of an inter-oceanic canal came conspicuously to the front. Here, too, Monroeism was a question of expediency, not principle. In 1842 and 1844 we attacked San Juan to maintain our territorial claims, but the United States took no notice.

But events in other parts of the Western Hemisphere show that Monroeism, though ignored as a general principle, was eagerly advanced where it accorded with American ambitions and interests. The future of Cuba had always been recognized as of supreme importance to the United States. In 1809 Jefferson wrote to Madison:

I would immediately erect a column on the southernmost limit of Cuba, and inscribe on it a "ne plus ultra" as to us in that direction. Cuba can be defended by us without a navy, and this develops the principle which ought to limit our views.

Though Jefferson was against Expansion in theory, he was compelled by the force of circumstances to acquire Louisiana, and is here clearly shown to have favored the acquisition of Cuba. It would be an interesting study and would throw light upon the little ironies of history to inquire how often the statesmen most opposed to territorial expansion have been compelled to assist the march of empires. But, in this case, Jefferson, who remains to-day the legendary hero of anti-expansionist Democrats, proved more eager to advance than Madison. We find the latter writing to William Pinkney in 1810:

The position of Cuba gives to the United States so deep an interest in the destiny, even, of that island, that although they might be an inactive, they could not be a satisfied spectator at its falling under any European Government which might make a fulcrum of that position against the commerce and security of the United States.

This has always been the view even of the most sober and serious politicians in the United States, and a glance at the map is enough to show why it could not have been otherwise. For many years in the infancy of the Republic the seizure of Cuba by England or France was a possibility. The raids of Cuban pirates on our trade during the two Administrations of Monroe, which Spain was totally incapable of restraining, might have involved at any time the appearance of our fleet in those waters and the occupation of the island. When the troubles in Spain occurred in 1822, it was thought that either France or England might acquire it. These apprehensions continued for twenty years until they culminated in 1840 in a declaration conveyed by the American Minister in Madrid to the Spanish Government that

in case of any attempt, from whatever quarter, to wrest from her this portion of her territory, Spain may securely depend upon the military and naval resources of the United States to aid her in preserving and recovering it.

Up to this point the anxiety of the United States as to the possession of Cuba by any foreign Power but Spain was genuine and was justified. After 1840 the history of the relations between that island and the Republic are less creditable. Annexation was now openly demanded and overtly pursued as a policy, not of self-protection, but as tending to the extension of the slave-holding area. It was at least set on foot and fomented by the Slave States, and rapidly spread throughout the States, a foretaste of similar movements that have been ostensibly founded on high principles but have been promoted for selfish purposes. The annexation party hoped much from the election of President Pierce,

but he did nothing. However, under his Administration, and at the instigation of his Secretary of State, the three American Ministers to Paris, London, and Madrid met and produced the "Ostend Manifesto," probably the most impudent diplomatic document in existence. They advised the offer of 120,000,000 dollars to Spain for the island, and, if this were refused, an immediate appeal to force. Then, with the unctuous moralizing which for so long made American diplomatic methods repugnant to Europe, they continued:

Our past history forbids that we should acquire the land of Cuba without the consent of Spain unless justified by the great law of self-preservation, but we must in any event preserve our own conscious rectitude and our own self-respect.

The interesting part of this effusion for the student of American foreign policy is that we find here for the first time the theories of the Monroe Doctrine cited to justify a policy of bare aggression. The Administration, however, did its best to suppress this compromising document, and the President's Message made no mention of it. After the end of the Civil War and the suppression of slavery, the desire for the annexation of Cuba certainly did not intrude itself in public policy. M. de Barral-Montferrat, in his interesting study of United States policy, seems to us to take a view too unfavorable to be thoroughly justified of the action of American Administrations throughout the years that followed. It is true that filibustering expeditions were numerous, but the sympathy of the American population for the islanders, who were undoubtedly suffering from an atrocious system of government, was genuine, and there is no real evidence that there was a deep-rooted and deliberate intention of the

American Government to force Spain out of Cuba and take her place. The objectionable feature about American methods of expansion would rather seem to be that they advanced pretexts for their action which will not hold water. They also, we may say, put them before the world in an extremely offensive tone, assuming an air of moral superiority over the effete Governments of Europe which may well have been considered insulting. In these sorts of declamations the Monroe Doctrine has played a considerable part, and at times an attempt has been made to treat it as almost an ethical maxim, but in the final stages of the Cuban drama it has only made a fitful appearance. It may be imported by inference into the report by the Senatorial Committee of Foreign Affairs in April, 1898, which said, "We cannot consent upon any conditions that the depopulated portions of Cuba shall be recolonized by Spain, any more than she would be allowed to found a new colony in any part of this hemisphere or islands thereof." No self-respecting State could, of course, accept such a declaration as this from another with regard to one of its own colonies without resenting it, if necessary, by force. In this particular instance war was no doubt inevitable, but the Monroe Doctrine and its corollaries are under present conditions capable of such sweeping application that no nation can regard its latent possibilities as a weapon of offence without some apprehension. But, as illustrating the vicissitudes of this theory even in modern times, it is curious to observe that as late as 1875 Secretary Fish is found inviting the co-operation of the European Governments to intercede with Spain in order to bring about reforms in Cuba. When remonstrance was made at home, he maintained that the Monroe Doctrine "did not mean complete isolation from Europe." Still his action might be used

as an effective precedent in logical argument for European interference in the affairs of America. Had Fish been in office in 1852, he might have advised assent to the proposal of Lord Malmesbury that England, France, and the United States should join together to guarantee Cuba to Spain and sign a self-denying ordinance disclaiming for each of the three Powers any designs on Cuba "now and hereafter." Everett, then Secretary of State, declined the proposal on various grounds, but he went much further and made it clear that at some future time the United States might find it necessary to acquire Cuba. After this, it was odd indeed that Secretary Fish twenty years later should have invited European assistance for dealing with Spain, but the prospects of their "manifest destiny" would clearly never have allowed the United States to permit any European Power to control Cuba. The most primitive of instincts, that of self-preservation, would have obliged the United States to prevent at all costs any substitution of a strong Power for a feeble one as mistress of Cuba. It was only the fact that she was so weak that enabled Spain to retain her sovereignty till the end of the nineteenth century.

The whole story of the connection of Cuba with the rise and development of the United States is told with great attention to detail in Dr. Callahan's book, cited at the commencement of this article. Unfortunately, the deplorable style he affects makes it tedious reading for any one, even for a student impressed with the importance of the subject, *e.g.* when he wishes to say that the United States' Senate cannot be left to settle alone the future of Cuba, he pens the following: "The ultimate destiny of Cuba is not one to be settled only by the gladiators of issues in the dome-crowned Capitol on the banks of the malarial Potomac."

This is a comparatively inoffensive specimen of a style which is prolonged throughout 450 pages. Nevertheless his book is invaluable for a close study of this particular branch of American history.

We must now turn to consider briefly the development of Monroeism in other directions where its application can hardly be defended on the grounds that made it a legitimate weapon so far as Cuba was concerned, for the safety of the United States undoubtedly called upon her statesmen to prevent the introduction of a foreign Power into that country. If any instance had been required by a hostile Government for ridiculing the constant protests of non-aggressive temper made by the United States, no more apt one can be produced than that of the Mexican War. But here again, as in the case of Cuba in the forties and fifties of the nineteenth century, the offenders were the slave-holding States which directed at that time the policy of the Republic. Texas had been invaded before 1845 by large numbers of the inhabitants of the Southern States, who took their slaves with them; and when Mexico, in 1829, abolished slavery, Texas revolted. In 1836 it declared its independence and claimed admission into the Union. To grant this demand on its real grounds was more than the North could stomach or advance as the ground for a war with Mexico. President Polk, to meet the difficulty, devised the ingenious theory that, if the United States declined to accede to the demands of Texas, there was a grave danger of her becoming an ally or dependency of some European State. This pretence was not even colorable, but was sufficient for its purpose, and the Mexican War followed, which was purely a war of aggression and resulted in the loss to Mexico of New Mexico, Texas, and California. The employment in Polk's

Message of December 1845 of all the thunders of Monroe to cover this glaring act of spoliation was the most ignoble purpose to which the Monroe Doctrine has ever been perverted. In the same year occurred the Oregon Boundary dispute with this country, in which the same high tone of principle was adopted to frighten the British Government into unconditional surrender. But England was an enemy rather more formidable than the unfortunate Mexicans, and the battle-cry of the Democratic party, "The whole of Oregon or none" and "Fifty-four forty or fight," soon toned down into a sensible compromise, and British Columbia was secured by mutual arrangement for our Empire. Polk's rodomontade was mainly electioneering flummery and was resented by large sections of American opinion, but the interesting point in this case is the use he tried to make again of the Monroe Doctrine to enforce his position. He maintained that our contention with regard to Oregon was a claim to establish a new colony in North America and was therefore *ipso facto* barred by the Monroe Doctrine. As Mr. Henderson very properly points out in his able and impartial survey of this question, Oregon was not "res nullius" and Great Britain was only seeking to retain what she believed was her own, and if such a contention as Polk's were admitted by us no Power could complete its title to any territory it claimed in the Northern continent so long as the United States contested that claim. The application of this theory to the Southern continent of America by President Cleveland led to the dispute with us over the Venezuelan boundary. It is a long stride from Monroe to Polk, but hardly so great as that from Polk to Cleveland or from Cleveland to Roosevelt.

During the Polk régime occurred the interesting declaration by Senator Cal-

houn regarding the Monroe Doctrine, which shows how much less sweeping were the theories as to its general application held by those who were responsible for its inception than was the interpretation imported into it by their successors. Calhoun was the sole survivor of Monroe's Cabinet, and he held (as Adams had done) that the Declaration was made to meet a particular crisis and not to obtain for all time as a general rule of practice. With regard to the "colonization" paragraph, which originated with Adams and had never been discussed by Monroe's Cabinet, he used these remarkable words:

If that declaration had come before the cautious Cabinet (for Mr. Monroe was among the wisest and most cautious men I have ever known), it would have been modified and expressed with a far greater degree of precision and with much more delicacy in reference to the feelings of the British Government.

For it must be remembered that at the time when Monroe's Message was delivered Great Britain and Russia held a much larger portion of the continent than did the United States. "We are not," he continued, "to have quoted upon us, on every occasion, general declarations to which any and every meaning may be attached." This statement was made in the Senate and arose out of a petition from the whites of Yucatan, imploring the Government of the United States to save them from the Indians, who threatened to overwhelm them, and in return to assume the sovereignty of the country. The same appeal had been made to England and Spain, and Polk in his Message had again held up the bogey of European intervention. The Senate resolved not to interfere and the matter dropped, while matters in Yucatan were amicably settled with the natives.

Calhoun's speech shows as clearly as Adams's had done that the originators

of the "Doctrine" were anxious to limit rather than extend it, but they had put a weapon into the hands of their successors the full capacity of which for aggressive use has only been revealed in our own days.

Oddly enough, in the one historical instance where the Monroe Doctrine might have been quoted with unanswerable logic, it was never brought forward at all by the representatives of the United States. This was in the case of the French occupation of Mexico. When Napoleon III. invaded and conquered Mexico and set up the ill-starred Emperor Maximilian during the American Civil War, the United States remonstrated but could do nothing until their own troubles were at an end. They then dealt immediately with the menace at their doors. No impartial mind can deny that the establishment of a great military Power in Mexico would have involved the necessity for the United States to embark at once upon the construction of a vast navy. But a great army they had at hand, set free by the recent capitulation of Lee. The French Emperor saw the necessity for immediate retreat. The despatches of Secretary Seward were unanswerable from the American point of view, though they contain neither quotation from nor reference to the Monroe Doctrine. Indeed he saw that no appeal to authority was required. It was a matter of national interest and safety which might be a dispute in theory, but would be refuted only by force. The next and last instance we shall quote shows clearly that Monroeism is most ostentatiously paraded when the logical claim to take action is weakest, and principle is then evoked to justify what would otherwise appear as wanton aggression or interference.

President Cleveland's famous Message of December, 1895, affords the most striking instance in modern times of

the latent capacities of the Monroe Doctrine. The whole circumstances of the dispute are too well remembered to need recapitulation now, but the respective despatches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney enshrine all the reasoning which can be adduced on either side for and against the applicability of the "Doctrine" to disputes between European Powers and the States of South America. A quotation from the admirable argument of Lord Salisbury presents the question as it undoubtedly stands in the eyes of European Governments:

Mr. Olney's principle that "American questions are for American decision," even if it receive any countenance from the language of President Monroe (which it does not), cannot be sustained by any reasoning drawn from the law of nations. . . . Though the language of President Monroe is directed to the attainment of objects which most Englishmen would agree to be salutary, it is impossible to admit that they have been inscribed by any adequate authority in the code of international law; and the danger which such admission would involve is sufficiently exhibited both by the strange development which the doctrine has received at Mr. Olney's hands, and the arguments by which it is supported in the despatch under reply.

Thus wrote Lord Salisbury in reply to Mr. Olney, who had advanced the following startling propositions:

That three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between a European and an American State unnatural and inexpedient will not be denied. But physical and geographical considerations are the least of the objections to such a union. Europe has a set of primary interests which are peculiar to herself. America is not interested in them, and ought not to be mixed or complicated with them. . . . Thus far in our history we have been spared the burden and

evils of immense standing armies and all the other accessories of huge warlike establishments, and the exemption has highly contributed to our national greatness and wealth as well as to the happiness of every citizen. But, with the Powers of Europe permanently encamped on American soil, the ideal conditions we have hitherto enjoyed cannot be expected to continue.

President Cleveland submitted the correspondence to Congress, and gave his own views of the Monroe Doctrine in the following words:

The doctrine upon which we stand is strong and sound because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation, and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures.

Polk had attempted to maintain that for Great Britain to occupy territory which she claimed as her own in the Far West would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. Cleveland now stretched it so as to mean that for her to act in a similar way in South America, thousands of miles from the nearest shores of the United States, would be to menace the "peace and safety" of the nation and the "integrity of their free institutions." Surely this was to assume a position which would have made Monroe turn in his grave! But it was wildly applauded in the United States, and Mr. Olney's contention that any European Power "permanently encamped" on American soil was a danger to the United States, is essentially the same view differently expressed as that of President Roosevelt quoted above, to the effect that every true American patriot looks forward to the day "when no European Power shall hold a foot of American soil." It is very easy to see that the day may

come when the theoretical objection to the existence of European sovereignty in America may be conveniently wedded to an assumed threat of immediate danger resulting from it. It is of no use blinding ourselves to the fact that we are practically the only Power which is to any extent in that position.

We have now briefly sketched the rise and progress of the Monroe Doctrine as an effective instrument of American foreign policy, and have already called attention to the logical but startling development of Mr. Cleveland's intervention arguments foreshadowed by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root. But some further considerations call for attention before we can close the record and endeavor to gauge the results.

The last thirty years have seen the steady growth of an American Empire over seas. Hawaii, Samoa, Porto Rico, and now the Philippines have passed under the sway of the United States. They have also established a protectorate over Cuba and practically over the new Republic of Panama, and they are exercising financial control over San Domingo. It can only be a matter of time for those States to pass under their sway. The familiar signs which almost invariably precede such absorption have already begun to show themselves in Cuba. At the end of the month of November last, the American inhabitants of the Isle of Pines, a portion of the Cuban Republic, revolted and demanded annexation to the United States. If we may judge from analogy, this is only the beginning of the end for the existence as an independent State of that most desirable acquisition. As for San Domingo, we have already alluded to the position of financial dependence in which it now stands to Washington. During the Presidency of General Grant, in the year 1869, it offered to

come into the Union, and a treaty was signed to that effect and approved by the President, which, however, the Senate declined to ratify. It is not surprising that a large accession of colored citizens was not desired, but in the position of a dependency that island might present great attractions. An analogous course of events has led to the ultimate partition of Samoa between the United States and Germany, and to the acquisition of Hawaii. In the latter case the American residents set up their own republic and demanded to be taken over. President Harrison, in February 1893, expressed his entire willingness to accede to their demands, but, before anything could be done in the direction of official ratification, he gave place to Cleveland, whose policy, save in the one incident of the Venezuelan dispute, was one of great moderation and opposition to national expansion. He refused to sanction the annexationist offer, and the matter stood over till another President, McKinley, succeeded him, who took advantage of the Spanish War then proceeding, as a pretext, and invited another application from Hawaii. But the Senate, true to its old traditions, still hesitated, and finally only accepted this the first colony of the Union by one vote—forty-two to forty-one.

This, indeed, is the starting-point of a new era in the history of the United States, who had for the first time to inaugurate a colonial civil service, and to undertake the administration of a dependency. The partition of Samoa was effected shortly after, and demanded the further development of these novel functions. Porto Rico and the Philippines soon followed.

Therefore, when President Roosevelt was unexpectedly installed at the White House on the deplorable assassination of President McKinley, he found himself in a different

position from that which any of his predecessors had occupied and with widely extended powers. The office of President, originally modelled on that of a constitutional king as it presented itself to the political theorists of the eighteenth century, was also in fact that of Prime Minister, and now includes, in addition, that of a ruler of tropical dependencies. It is he who appoints the Administration and supervises the execution of its duties, and is also responsible for its policy in a way that no purely constitutional monarch can be. He has also at the present time the nation behind him in an almost unprecedented manner. We have already alluded to his tour in the Southern States, but the success of this enterprise is a factor in national politics difficult to gauge adequately in this country. Perhaps it might be compared with the strange rearrangement of our own political chess-board which would follow from the triumphant tour of some great Conservative Minister in Wales. The South has hitherto been consistently and persistently Democratic. It would now seem as if the personal magnetism of Mr. Roosevelt were to sweep it from its old political moorings and carry it along with the North in the irresistible current of his popularity. Undoubtedly the immediate object of the recent campaign was to enlist Southern support in the attack upon trusts and their methods which will be made under the attempt to put the control of railway rates and their rearrangement in the hands of the Legislature, but, if the tug of war really comes between President and Senate, the former will almost certainly have the country behind him and the machine against him. The old constitutional arrangements of the United States are no longer suited to the wants of an empire with a world policy. We do not anticipate any revolution in the forces of the Constitu-

tion, but we feel sure that the personal factor of the President will yearly loom more largely. We do not expect to see Mr. Root proffering a crown to his chief on Independence Day, but it is quite clear that the difficulties of conducting the government of dependencies and negotiations with foreign Powers through the instrumentality of the Senate will press more severely as time goes on. The present condition of Porto Rico is deplorable, and this is entirely due to well-meant but mistaken legislation. That island, which is capable of producing annually half a million tons of sugar, only turns out about 100,000, a good deal less than during its best days under Spanish rule. There is to-day more trade with the United States, but much less total trade than under Spain. The great production of coffee, which formerly found a market in Spain and is now kept out by heavy duties, has not been compensated for by an increase in the export to the United States. No new railroads have been built in the island owing to restrictive legislation, which prohibits any corporations from engaging in business there. The origin of this was a healthy objection to see the formation of trusts in the new dependencies and a fear that those islands might ere long be "run" by corporations over which the Government might lose control; but if Porto Rico is not to be ruined, and if the population is to be rescued from a state of dangerous discontent, the President must devise some means of relieving them from the effects of the hastily devised legislation by which they are being fettered.

With regard to the Philippines, Congress appears to have meant well, but has gone about its business in a blundering fashion. It has proceeded on the lines that Englishmen in the nineteenth century often took in advising other European countries to adopt a

Parliamentary system as the cure for all their woes. A Commission has been appointed which is unable to do anything effective without the sanction of Congress. So long as the Legislature insists upon interfering in details, the government of tropical dependencies will be almost an impossibility. The dangerous assumption has been made that the inhabitants of those islands, who are really in every essential Orientals, are fitted for democratic government and must be at once prepared for it. Of course the assumption is ridiculous, and from this arise many of the more serious difficulties. This fact will sooner or later be discussed and brought home to Americans, and then we shall find the authority of Congress loosened and that of the President taking its place; for, up to the present, the interference of the Legislature in these matters, though well meant, has done nothing but harm.

A democracy governing vast possessions over seas tends in the course of its rule to become less and less democratic. Our own manner of conducting the management of India and Crown Colonies has in it nothing democratic. Where interference takes place with the decision of those on the spot, the interference is rarely that of the democracy. The choice of means and the men to carry these out are the act of the Cabinet or of one Minister who is more or less controlled by the Prime Minister, who is perhaps in fact and is in theory responsible. It may be the theory of our Constitution that the affairs of India are regulated by the House of Commons, but the more democratic our Constitution has become by the extension of the suffrage, the less have the representatives of the people actually interfered in them. So far as is possible, India is governed on the spot, and the Viceroy is, in fact, far more of a real ruler than some Euro-

pean monarchs. Until the government of the Philippines reaches some such stage as this—and the same may be said of Porto Rico—the results will not be satisfactory. We hold that the wise warning of Thucydides as to the difficulty of combining democracy and empire is true of all time, and that it is only possible that States so governed can control distant provinces when they delegate their rights or prerogatives to one man or few men as the case may be, controlled, of course, ultimately by the right judgment of all citizens embodied in their representatives, but left to use their own in the general conduct of affairs. The acquisition of empire must in time, therefore, profoundly modify the system of government in the United States, though the constitutional form may resist for years to come. But nothing can avert a fierce struggle for mastery between President and Senate. Every foreign entanglement that appeals to the imagination of the people and awakens their enthusiasm will add to his power at the expense of the Legislature. The great increase in the armaments of the United States, now in progress, will not tend to diminish the Presidential prerogatives, for he is the constitutional commander-in-chief of both army and navy, and his appeals in every Message to the Legislature to grant money for a larger fleet are singularly similar to those of the German Kaiser to the Reichstag. But the ostensible aims of the President are not only to preserve the possessions of the Republic from external attack, but also to act as a police force for the whole Western world. He, indeed, makes it his business to read lectures to the other communities that divide the continent with his own country. In his Message of December 1902 he says:

It is earnestly to be hoped that all these countries will do, as some of

them already have done with signal success, and will invite to their shores commerce and improve their material conditions by recognizing that stability and order are the prerequisites of successful development. No independent nation in America need have the slightest fear of aggression from the United States. It behooves each one to maintain order within its own borders and to discharge its just obligations to foreigners. When this is done, they can rest assured that, be they strong or weak, they have nothing to dread from outside interference. More and more the increasing interdependence and complexity of international political and economic relations render it incumbent on all civilized and orderly Powers to insist on the proper policing of the world.⁵

No one can quarrel with the theory here laid down, but there are two points of view from which it may be rightly criticized. The South American Republics regard the claim to keep them in order with resentment, and, in truth, as nothing but a covert attack on their independence. The manner in which the mighty neighbor in the North is suspected had an amusing illustration not long ago in the dispute that took place over the enclave of Acre between Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru. The everlasting boundary quarrels which agitate South America are a sign of an imperfectly developed existence as civilized States. This district was almost entirely covered with virgin forest, prolific in indiarubber, and none of the three States in question cared much or inquired to whom it belonged until indiarubber became a valuable commodity. Then thousands of Brazilian subjects invaded it and Brazil claimed sovereignty. The subjects of the other claimant States protested, and a Boundary Commission was appointed, but while it was at work Bolivia sold her rights, sovereign

as well as commercial, to an American syndicate. There was at once an explosion of rage in the Latin Republics, and all the latent suspicion and hatred of the Anglo-Saxon flamed out. Brazil threatened force to prevent an American chartered company from settling on its confines. "If," the Brazilian Government argued, "it is right to warn European Governments off from South American soil, it is equally just that South America should not be recolonized from the north." A Monroe, *Monroe et demi*. The American adventurers withdrew, and the American Government laughed away the incident, which was none the less significant.

It will be interesting to see what the developments will be in the matter of Venezuela if there is trouble owing to the persistent defiance by President Castro of every principle of just and civilized government. If the United States undertake to bring him to order and police his country into good behavior, do they also claim the right of occupying his territory temporarily or permanently? And every one knows how easily the occupation of half-savage lands tends to become permanent even though begun as a temporary measure. President Roosevelt is not the man to shrink from difficulties or to neglect to prepare against them. He was himself witness in the Spanish War of how nearly difficulties ended in disaster, and he will do his best to make his preparations adequate, but the world will watch with interest his first attempts at dragooning a Latin Republic into what he considers good behavior.

From the point of view, then, of Latin South America, these threats of interference by the United States and the actual attempts to infringe their liberties are bitterly resented.

The second point of view from which this claim of the President's may be

⁵ "Addresses and Presidential Messages," p. 360.

criticised is that of the European Powers, who may well look at it thus. If it be right that the United States should claim exclusive jurisdiction in the Western Hemisphere, is it tolerable that they should also take any part in the affairs of Europe? Logically such a claim cannot be supported, yet in recent years we have seen American interference in European affairs, twice, it is true, in the form of verbal remonstrance only, and on the other occasion in that of a naval demonstration. Whatever view we may hold about the Russian Jews, it was certainly a surprise to the world when the American Government thought fit to remonstrate with the Tsar on the behavior of his subjects at Kishineff. An American subject being captured in Morocco, the American Secretary of State threatens Tangier with a visit from their fleet and actually carries out the threat in the case of the alleged murder of an American consular agent at Beyrout. As things turned out, it would have been more expedient, as well as more correct, to await fully authorized statements in this matter and to have learned first whether or no the murder had been perpetrated. As a matter of fact, it had not, and the American squadron was not required. But the following is the explanation afforded by the President of this incident, which, on the part of any European Power, would have been considered in every way unjustifiable:

Although the attempt on the life of our vice-consul had not been successful, yet the outrage was symptomatic of a state of excitement and disorder which demanded immediate attention. The arrival of the vessels had the happiest result. A feeling of security at once took the place of the former alarm and disquiet, our officers were cordially welcomed, and ordinary business resumed its activity.*

*"Addresses and Presidential Messages." p. 396

It may be that no European Power has the right to protest against the appearance of an American squadron in Turkish waters, an apparition only excused because disorder exists which "demands immediate attention"; but these incursions of the United States into European confines, when the original reason for their despatch has disappeared, and therefore only because matters in some Turkish port are disorderly, is surely to challenge European acquiescence in the theory of American exclusiveness in highly provocative fashion. We cannot see why in logic the Turkish and Russian Governments should not have remonstrated on the lynching scandals too often prevalent in certain Southern States of the Union. The danger of President Roosevelt's undue activity in all parts of the world seems to us to lie in the fear that he may arouse a resentment that only slumbers in many European Chancelleries, partly provoked by American commercial competition and partly by a too restless temperament claiming a right to be heard on all and every question of international importance. If America claims to reserve one vast enclave of the civilized globe for her own, mankind will grow restive at her uninvited apparition on the slightest excuse in other quarters. After all, as Mr. Roosevelt is well aware, the Monroe Doctrine is not accepted by any civilized people as part of the law of nations. The arguments advanced by Lord Salisbury on that head are indeed irrefutable, though American interference may be admitted from time to time in matters affecting the well-being of American States, either because it is inexpedient or useless to resist it. This country is wedded to the Anglo-American "entente," from weakening which at the present juncture of events we have so much to lose that it would be folly to disturb it. But it would be worse

than folly to imagine that its roots have struck deep into American soil far west of the business community of New York.

On this point Mr. Bullens' evidence, in his fascinating volume of travel, is unfortunately not far wide of the truth, though perhaps at times expressed with a crudity which we will not repeat in terms. Should both countries continue in their present mood, the more the agreement between them is strengthened and extended, the better for the peace of the world, yet it is impossible to forget two facts. The more noisy demonstrations of good will which are so conspicuously paraded in our newspapers are almost exclusively confined to the East, and the temper of the Centre and the West of the United States is by no means so emphatically pro-British as we are left to assume. There is sufficient latent ill-feeling smouldering to burst forth into flame whenever some ambitious leader, less scrupulous than Mr. Roosevelt, may think the occasion propitious for launching another thunderbolt of the Cleveland-Venezuelan temper. It has already been shown that the Monroe Doctrine may be forced, like Liberty, into the service of aggression, and we cannot afford to forget that our colonial empire in America must disappear if the ideals of the "true American" are to be fulfilled. Again, we foresee that grave dangers may arise if the spirit of Canadian patriotism be overstrained by concessions on our part to American exigencies. The result of the Alaska boundary decision—rather, perhaps, the reading given by Mr. Roosevelt to the phrase "three impartial jurists of repute"—has been to stereotype for some time to come the anti-American sentiment so unhappily prevalent in the Dominion. Indeed, that particular incident was by no means encouraging to those who have learned that Mr. Roosevelt conceives

arbitration to be an excellent thing for minor States in territorial matters, but not for his own country when similar questions are in dispute. Without repeating it in so many words, he seems to endorse his predecessor's flamboyant declarations at Ocean Grove in April 1899, that "where the American flag has once been planted, there it shall remain." The Marquis de Barral-Montferrat, whom we have sometimes found too harsh a critic, is surely justified in invoking here the "mournful shades of Washington and Monroe," who was, according to Mr. Calhoun, "the most cautious of men."

In his Message to Congress delivered last month, Mr. Roosevelt emphasizes and reinforces the position he has always taken up. It is in great measure a reiteration of his warnings about the necessity of keeping the peace by preparing for war, a truism no doubt in one sense, but so was the motto of the young Napoleon that "the face of Liberty must sometimes be veiled." In the same message allusion is made to one great question, on which we have not dwelt, but which is intimately bound up with the future of the United States as an Imperial Power, that of the Panama Canal.

It is not our purpose here to pursue to its sources the story of the Inter-Oceanic Canal and its various vicissitudes. It was a dream of Goethe's¹ and is yet far from being translated into fact, but it is at last on the way there, though the loss of life and money which has been involved both by the experiments of the French Company and more lately by those of Mr. Roosevelt's Government would startle the world could the full statistics be set before it in all their appalling volume.

One or two of Mr. Roosevelt's Messages are devoted to explaining and

¹ "Gesprache mit Goethe," iii. 83, 84. Brockhaus, Leipzig, 1876.

defending the conduct of the United States Government or their agents in that region. International purists and also many Americans, non-partisans of the "forward" policy, felt that the affair needed explanation. When the Colombian authorities refused to ratify the arrangement made with the United States and a revolution immediately broke out and Panama was proclaimed a separate Republic, American warships were at once upon the scene and refused to allow any attempt on the part of Colombia to recover the seceding province. The new State thus set up at once acquiesced in the making of the Canal. It is not our business to inquire how an outbreak so singularly convenient for the United States was brought about, but the language of the President would have given some cause for jesting comment had it been employed by a European potentate on a similar occasion. He claims to have acted on behalf of the interests of mankind, and states that the position of the United States as "the mandatory of civilization has been by no means misconceived"¹ because other Powers followed immediately in the recognition of the new Republic. This may well have been done without involving any approval by "civilization" of the methods pursued. We are not charging the United States with being any less virtuous than other Powers, but they claim to be judged by too high a standard. The general doctrine of human evidence, "*ille fecit cui prodest*," cannot be ignored in political inquiries any more than in judicial, and the historian cannot form his judgments upon Utopian sentiments which conflict with the obvious explanation of self-interest. The South American Republics for their part, with persistent ingratitude, refuse to recognize disinterested altruism as the founda-

tion of United States policy any more than of England's or Germany's.

But with the future of the Panama Canal is closely bound up that of the Caribbean Sea, and also of our own West Indian possessions. It is not easy to trace the origin of the rumors set afloat not long ago as to the intention of Great Britain to abandon those islands to the United States for some equivalent not defined. It was of course without foundation, and indicated a state of mind in some quarters rather than a project of policy. But we may yet have trouble before us in Jamaica arising out of the hold now being acquired over that island by a gigantic American trust. "The United Fruit Company." Mr. Bullen's charges² are not yet, according to his own statement, fully substantiated by available evidence, and therefore we do not pretend to accept them, though we have an unconquerable suspicion of the devious and sinister ways of these monster combinations which Mr. Roosevelt himself is so courageously attacking. But the Government of the United States has never hesitated to profit by the enterprise of its traders in acquiring new territories any more than we have spurned that of our chartered companies, and it possesses in the Monroe Doctrine a sentimental weapon to which we have no equivalent in our political armory. Nothing would be easier than to cite it and the safety of the Canal as a reason for eliminating British power from the Caribbean Sea.

To-day the material interest of those islands is clearly becoming more and more bound up with the trade of the United States. It is mainly centred in fruit-growing, and is not to be diverted to ourselves for reasons geographical. The latest statistics available are instructive:

¹ "Addresses and Presidential Messages," pp. 458, 459 et seq.

² "Back to Sunny Seas," p. 47.

1903. *Bermuda.*

	United Kingdom	United States
	£	£
Exports to . . .	3,806	112,249
Imports from . . .	172,347	289,239

1904. *Trinidad.*

Exports to . . .	603,981	924,282
Imports from . . .	944,804	675,769

1904. *Barbadoes.*

Imports from . . .	362,250	291,459
Exports to . . .	26,672	254,669
In 1863 they stood at	629,256	69,205

1904. *Jamaica.*

Imports from . . .	948,315	856,973
Exports to . . .	282,412	908,028

These statistics are clear evidence that while in some cases the imports of these colonies remain higher from the sovereign State than from the United States, yet the exports to the latter vastly exceed their trade with ourselves. Of course, we do not argue from this that these islands are likely in the near future to share the fate of Hawaii or Porto Rico, but no impartial observer with a grasp of historic sequence can fail to apprehend that,

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granting any condition of affairs straining the relations between the United States and England, we might find ourselves face to face with some movement engineered by American enterprise which might involve a very complicated diplomatic situation.

In the future of the Caribbean Sea and the Inter-Oceanic Canal is involved also the question of the mastery of the Pacific Ocean, a subject dealt with fully in this Review in October 1902.¹⁹ At present there is no probability of Britain and her colonies taking a second place in those waters, and, at all events, until the Isthmian Canal is finished, we are not likely to find Manila substituted for Hong Kong as a more convenient centre for trans-Pacific trade. The treaty with Japan secures for ten years the integrity of China. Predictions on such matters are mere speculation, but there is sufficient food for thought in the immediate possibilities involved by the new departures in American policy, though, as we have tried to indicate, they are in great measure merely the natural development of the past history and aspirations of the United States.

IN AND ABOUT A GERMAN TOWN.

Being, as I said in a previous paper,¹ hopelessly insular in my ideas, and dependent for my knowledge of the Germans on newspapers and hearsay only, I came abroad in the full expectation of finding in my Teutonic cousin a swaggering and blustering semi-barbarian, eaten up with self-conceit, and never quite happy if he was not cramming down a neighbor's throat the German military superiority. Let me confess at once that I have been most agreeably disappointed. Now and again a newspaper may attempt to

make political capital by representing England as an aggressive and unscrupulous Power, and by hysterical warnings to the German nation to be ready to stand to arms at a minute's notice. But I believe from the bottom of my heart that the bulk of the German people are at least as peaceably minded as ourselves, and would regard a serious quarrel with England in the light of a deplorable and wellnigh intolerable calamity. Only a few days ago I happened to say to a German visitor at our Pension, that

¹ The Living Age, Jan. 20, 1906.

¹⁹ Vol. 196, p. 210.

I had never yet been able to make up my mind whether sundry uniformed people I met in the town really were soldiers, or postmen, or railway porters, or firemen, or sailors.

"To me they all look equally military," I remarked.

"Ah!" he said. "We are what you call a nation military. We have a large army, true, but all you see in uniform will not be soldiers. Too many, perhaps, are."

"Well, we are the other way up,—too few soldiers."

"Few, but goot, very goot. And your sheeps—see, German navy so," and he held up his little finger, "but English navy so!" and up went both hands. "England," he continued, "many sheeps, Germany many soldiers: they shall always be very goot friends, and the world shall be quiet. No more war, because England and Germany say so."

So much for generalities, and now to describe more or less in detail the things that have struck my insular mind in Germany.

First of all, then, the very fair system of trading on the part of shops, and the marked absence of what I will call the *olla-podrida* dealers. The German method, at any rate in this little town, seems to run on exactly the opposite lines to those whereby the owner of a miniature Whiteley's shop in the north-west of Ireland was reputed to have amassed a considerable fortune. I give the story of an incident that happened in this establishment exactly as it was told to me, but in no way vouch for the truth of it, except so far as to say that my informant was not a habitual liar. The enterprising proprietor, then, of this *olla-podrida* shop was reputed to owe his success in life to this golden rule, posted up on every counter for the benefit of the shopmen:—

"If you have not got the exact article

required, show to your customer that which in your opinion most nearly answers to the description."

If the man really did make a fortune by it, we must assume that the rule worked well on the whole. But on one occasion a rough seafaring man walked into the shop, and demanded a certain type of tobacco. Right manfully did the assistant who was serving him act up to the golden rule. Every possible type of tobacco that could come anywhere near the description, among other conditions of which essential points were that it looked like string, and could be cut with a knife, was offered, only to be rejected. Suddenly a brilliant thought struck the assistant.

"I think I know what you want," he said, and with that galloped off upstairs, and after some delay returned with a sample of a substance that might be tobacco, and most certainly was stringy and capable of being cut off in chunks by a knife, as the seafaring customer had insisted.

"This is no doubt what you require, sir; it has been put away by mistake."

The customer looked at the stuff, smelt it, and I believe tasted it. Finally, with some reluctance, he indicated his willingness to deal.

"Not as it's just what I wanted," he said, "but mebbe it's nigh enough."

"It's been in stock a long time," suggested the assistant, "but I think you will find it all right when you come to smoke it."

With that he weighed out an ounce, and the first act in the little drama ended with the purchaser slouching out of the shop, cramming, *en route*, a substantial wad of "tobacco" into his black clay pipe.

The second act followed with truly startling rapidity, for a minute later, while the conscientious assistant was showing to another customer something which, if not the exact article required, at any rate in his opinion most

nearly answered to the description, there rushed into the shop with blackened face and bleeding mouth a man, hatless, breathless, seething with indignation, bubbling over with weird oaths and bloodthirsty threats. For an instant he stood glaring wildly round the shop, and then suddenly spying his victim, he pounced upon the luckless assistant, and dragging him over the counter was proceeding to throttle him at leisure, until he himself was literally choked off his prey by the united efforts of the enterprising proprietor and his *posse comitatus*. The aid of the police was invoked, and the supposed maniac, after being pretty roughly handled, on being at last induced to give an explanation of his conduct, proved to be an innocent victim of a too rigid adherence to the golden rule of the shop. The assistant had sold him a bit of gunpowder fuse, which on being ignited had blown the bowl of the pipe to smithereens, and the stem more or less down the owner's throat!

Now our German shopkeeper, if he has not got the exact article required, does not offer me a substitute, nor does he even quote the old formula of the really bad English shop: "We don't seem to have it in stock to-day, sir. The fact is that we are just sold out of it. But we shall have some more in to-night, if you would kindly call to-morrow or the next day."

Making no bones about the matter, he simply says that the article is not exactly in his line, but can be purchased, if the Herr happens to be going up the street, at such and such a shop, or if the Herr's way lies down the street, somewhere else. Whether he goes up the street or down is generally a matter of indifference to the Herr, but it is often difficult for him, even though the aid of much gesticulation is invoked, to comprehend exactly the rapid guttural directions.

"Bitte, langsam!" I suggest, having found in these words the key to many mysteries. But the shopkeeper has ready to hand a key which will open the door with greater certainty.

"Comm!" he says, by way of a compromise between English and German, and with that he leaves his shop to take care of itself, personally escorts me to the shop I want, and explains my requirements to the proprietor. Then with a courteous bow and a smiling adieu he returns to his own business. Not once or twice only, but a good half-dozen times has this happened to me. An English tradesman is civil enough, I grant you, but it is not his habit to go out of his way and guide a would-be customer to another shop in search of a needle if he himself happens to be a purveyor of pins. The German shop-girls, so far as I have seen them, do not seem quite as smartly turned out as our English "young ladies"; but they lose nothing by contrast in the point of either good manners or intelligence, and some of them, by reason of the semi-low dress, have a distinctly picturesque appearance. The man in the street, be he gentleman at large, student, tradesman, or peasant, is quite as anxious as the obliging shopman to ensure that I shall get to my required destination, and quite as ready to guide me thither if he thinks that I am likely to go astray. His explanations may be a little cumbrous and elaborate as contrasted with the London policeman's rapid "First to the right, second to the left, then straight on, on the lefthand side"; but his "Comm" when he sees that I am puzzled redeems the situation. The thing that troubles his mind is evidently not unwillingness to guide the stranger, but rather an anxiety to convince the latter that the guide rather than the guided is the obliged party.

Alas! that to the general laws of

civility and consideration for the stranger, the manners of the market-women stand out in disagreeable contrast. Those market-women—marketing-women, perhaps, is a better term, for I allude to the buyers rather than the sellers—seem to justify the somewhat crude rendering given by the compilers of our authorized version of the New Testament, “certain lewd fellows of the baser sort.” A hard-bitten, hard-visaged dame, from whom the constant labor in the fields and constant exposure to all sorts and conditions of weather seem to have taken away not merely every trace of feminine comeliness but even the last vestiges of womanhood, aged beyond her years, aggressive, vituperative, in every way unlovely,—such is the peasant woman who comes to our market. Add to an inward determination to have her own way, without fear or respect for her neighbor’s feelings, a truly terrible form of body-armor, terrible alike for offensive and defensive purposes, and you arrive at a very fair specimen of veritable virago. For the market-basket, large, knotty, and cumbersome, worn at the back, and capable of being hitched by a shrug of the shoulder this way or that from the right-hand neighbor’s ear, shall I say, into the left-hand neighbor’s eye, seems to fulfil all the purposes of a crocodile’s tail; while the heavy tread of the huge flat foot, cased in clump-soled shoes, once felt will not lightly be forgotten. Moreover, to the market-basket, formidable enough in itself, is often superadded a hard and stout open tub with two viciously projecting handles. When tub and basket are alike laden with the Saturday’s stores for the following week, an occasional kettle or saucepan, some crockery, and a stray broomhead, I am inclined to recall the example of a Herodotean sentence as given in my boyhood by a form-master: “Awkward animals pigs

is to drive, one man many of them very.” Substitute for that far better mannered animal “pig” a German marketing-woman, and for “drive” meet, and you have the situation. In a street or highway it is possible to escape destruction by slipping into the middle of the road, or passing by on the other side. But in the narrow gangways between the market-stalls, precipitate flight when feasible is the only resource. Even then pursuit may have to be reckoned with. For the lady, being out for a holiday as well as for business, is not quite happy until she has shouldered, elbowed, kicked, and basketed her way up every gangway and to every stall in the market-place. Once only this very badly trodden worm was forced to turn. I was in search of some edible apples, and was in the act of inquiring the price of some which I had pitched upon at one stall, when with a thump on the ear from her tub, and a kick on the instep from her hoof, an old dame, who had apparently finished her purchases, warned me to “move on.” I moved on to the next stall accordingly, only to be a second time dislodged by the same assailant. When at a third stall I ventured to offer a form of passive resistance and seemed inclined to stand my ground, the pertinacious foe, by a dexterous hitch of her shoulder, dug me hard in the ribs with the bottom of her basket, narrowly missed hitting me in the eye with the handle of her tub, and completing my discomfiture by planting a heavy heel on my toes, fairly carried the position. This was really too much for human endurance, and feeling sore all over, both in mind and body, I determined to retaliate in kind. Having concluded her business at the stall,—the business, I may say, consisted of sampling some of the fruit and then abusing the proprietor of the stall for selling rotten plums,—she had turned, and after favoring me with a

parting benediction in the form of a crack on the shoulder from her tub, was proceeding to force her way between two other ladies similarly equipped as herself, when I ventured to assist her progress. Seeing that the crowded state of the gangway would prevent her falling on her nose, I put my knee to the bottom of the basket, and hoisting for all I was worth, fairly set her trundling. A bull in a china-shop could hardly have caused a greater commotion. For once set going, she burst through the ranks of her opponents like Achilles through the trembling herds of Trojans, and after treading on many toes, dashing her own tub and basket against many similar equipments, and discomposing many tempers, she was only brought up by a violent collision with the rear-guard of a solid column of basket-carriers which had got blocked. In the torrent of terrible recriminations and vituperations that ensued between the lady who had run amuck and the indignant dames who had suffered under the process, my own modest contribution to the row that followed passed unnoticed by every one except a little German student, who, having also suffered martyrdom at the old virago's hands, was overcome with delight. To "A Gentleman of France," it may be remembered, accrued a firm friendship with one M. François out of an acquaintanceship inaugurated by treading upon the other's toe. So, too, from the trivial circumstance of having my toes trodden upon beyond endurance I date an interchange of courtesy with one or more German students. For when I see several of these young gentlemen politely take off their caps to me in the street, I know that my friend of the market-place is a member of the party.

I am only sorry that a deep-rooted, and only too well-founded, mistrust of my conversational powers in the Ger-

man language has prevented me from prosecuting the acquaintanceship still further. For the presence of these fresh-faced lads is a distinct and pleasing feature of the place. The Oxonian is at once struck by their very elaborate manner of greeting each other as well as outside acquaintances in the streets. At Oxford a nod, or a smile, or a wave of the hand, passed muster as a sufficient acknowledgment of a friend on the other side of the road. Of the friend's friend, except when a lady was concerned, no notice of any kind was taken. But the young German, whose lack of courtesy is so often the topic of a letter or paragraph in an English newspaper, is, to my mind, almost inconveniently courteous, the almost incessant taking off of the head-dress being the more conspicuous when that head-dress assumes the form of a flat colored cap, invariably worn on the back of the head. Out of sheer curiosity I took the trouble on one occasion to follow a trio of pink-capped students on their progress down a main street of the town, and I counted them take off their caps on no less than seventeen occasions, either to single students or other groups of students, in the latter case a distinct bow being made to each member of the group. Then, as one of my trio wore his cap rather askew, owing to the presence of a wound, the result of a "schlager" encounter, patched up with lint and black sticking-plaster, I next had the curiosity to go to the same street on the following day and count the number of wounded warriors I met while walking down one side of it. In all I encountered forty-three students, of whom the odd three wore patches to cover recent wounds, and either six or seven more had perceptible scars of old wounds, in the doubtful case the scar being so slight that it might have been the result of a slip of the razor. Without being in the

least degree anxious to witness one of these passages of arms which in no way commend themselves to the English fancy, I found opportunity on two occasions for questioning German gentlemen on the subject of the students' duel. On one point both were agreed, that the duel is, like the public school boxing-matches, in a majority of cases merely a friendly though sharp trial of skill between picked men of rival corps; less frequently, like a school-boy's fight, the result of a personal difference of opinion. But, while one of my informants condemned the practice,—not indeed on the score of brutality, but on account of the risk of blood-poisoning in the case of an unhealthy subject,—the other was wholly in favor of it.

"It tests a man's courage as well as his skill," was the argument, "and it gives confidence and experience to one who may later on in life be called upon to use his sword to keep his head in sober earnest."

From the latter gentleman I gathered also that the freshman's year only is spent in roystering: later on when the young roysterer has won his spurs, he settles down to serious work. "The first year drinking beer and fighting, after that much work."

It was easy, too, to gather from remarks let drop by my friend, who had gone through the training himself, that the German student is at once more thrifty and more serious than the average Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate. Where, for instance, the latter's hospitality commonly runs to port wine, and perhaps champagne, the German's ideas are rather those of the humble-minded though really sensible Welshman to be found within the precincts of Jesus College, Oxford. This individual, none the less to be commended because he is occasionally laughed at, considers that he has done all that is required of him when he

invites a friend to his rooms after hall and calls for "A tankard of peer and the pasket." The "pasket" however,—a flat basket with partitions containing various kinds of fruit and sweetmeats duly priced, from which the host and guest help themselves according to their requirements,—is omitted by the yet more thrifty German; the "peer," a light lager ale costing about one penny for a large glass, apart from anything else, being considered sufficient entertainment. I was told, though it is hard to believe it, that a German student has been known to imbibe as many as fourteen or fifteen large glasses at a sitting. But even so the hard drinker only costs his entertainer the comparatively small sum of fifteenpence, a price that I have seen charged in London for a single whisky-and-soda. For a large party of students, something under sixpence ahead may be quoted as the cost of sufficiently liberal entertainment. Even in the toper's case it is comforting to reflect that excessive potation tends rather to rotundity than inebriation; easy on the other hand to see where the fear of blood-poisoning comes in.

At this point it may not be out of place to remark that the Germans, by contrast with ourselves, seem to be an essentially sober nation. In the course of a two months' experience, wandering about the town a good deal and at various hours of both day and night, I have only come across one case of drunkenness. And even there I may have been mistaken. For the man under suspicion was by no means either blind-drunk or offensively drunk, but I fancied at the time that he was certainly rather the worse for liquor. Thank goodness, we have outlived an age when in good society drunkenness passed as a venial offence. But I am afraid that there are many English villages in which almost as many working men will be found more or

less intoxicated on a Saturday night as will be found sober. The notable absence of cases of drunkenness in this town struck me so forcibly that I asked a German friend whether the sobriety of the inhabitants was not exceptional.

"No," was the answer; "in some villages perhaps they drink more. Say a village where there will be a hundred grown-up men, they will drink their beer after four o'clock on Sunday evening—two, perhaps, or three will drink too much. Is it not so in England?"

I preferred to leave the question unanswered, and passed on to another subject. Be it said, however, that perhaps so far as the actual quantity of liquor consumed goes, the thirsty German will pour down his throat as much as, or perhaps more than, the thirsty Englishman. But there is a wide difference both in quality and the surroundings. A very light and pure beer, drunk for the most part in the open air, is more likely to round the toper's figure than to befuddle his intellect.

To return to my students. Thriftiness, to some extent at all events, goes by custom, and by virtue of belonging to a comparatively unathletic nation, one form of temptation to spend money is lacking to the German student as compared with the English undergraduate. Outdoor games, which form a part and parcel of our university life, are practically non-existent in Germany. That in our own country a truly ridiculous amount of attention is bestowed upon successful game-playing and successful game-players no one can feel more strongly than myself: that so much valuable time is wasted on the frivolities of life is in a fair way of becoming nothing short of a national misfortune. But there must be a half-way house somewhere, and I am truly sorry for the German student

when I see him on a fine summer afternoon maundering about in a dark suit, or at any rate in his ordinary costume, instead of plunging into flannels and improving his hours of relaxation by taking some form of really active exercise. Put side by side with our Oxford undergraduate, he would probably fill his clothes as well, if not better, but the stuff underneath the clothes is of a very inferior and flabby quality. We English, taking us all in all, may claim to be ranked as a heavy nation. We are proud of our national physique, and that not without some reason. Yet I am inclined to think that the Germans as they walk are even heavier than we are,—heavier, but neither so wiry, so active, or gifted with so much power of endurance, for the simple reason that they carry more solid flesh than the framework of the human body is calculated to support. The foreign crews which occasionally appear at the Henley Regatta will generally be found to average throughout the boat almost a full stone lighter than a good English crew, say the *Leander*. But out of training and in ordinary trim, the difference of weight between a German or Belgian and an English oarsman would disappear, even if the former were not found to be the heavier. Pick out an untrained but philathletic young Englishman, and put him into training for the University Boat Race. At the end of six weeks the twelve-stone man will probably have lost not more than four or five pounds at the outside. Try the same system of strict training on a German student, and your twelve-stone man will be found on the day of the race to scale considerably under eleven stone—in other words, he has been in the habit of carrying a full stone or more of superfluous flesh about him. To my own untutored eye I will confess that the weight of the twelve-stone 'Varsity oarsman, when I

met him in his ordinary attire, was often a mystery.

"Wait till you see him in the boat!" I have had said to me over and over again. I waited, and the mystery was a mystery no longer.

That the German student's comparative inactivity and tendency to weigh more than he ought to weigh tells on him in after-life may be gathered from this painfully egotistic story. Though I happen to have been more or less philathletic from my youth onwards, I could never claim to be anything more than a moderately fast walker. Staying at our Pension was a very charming and intelligent German, whom at first sight I should without hesitation have described as an unusually powerful man, well built, well set up, with far better physique and in every way stronger than myself, to say nothing of his having considerable pull over me in years, for he is, indeed in the very prime of life. We two started for a four-mile walk into the country. As it happened, time was precious, because he had an appointment in the Pension for a certain hour.

"We shall have time," he said, looking at his watch, "if you do not mind walking rather fast."

I stepped out accordingly, but without in any way exerting myself. At the end of the first mile he called a halt, and then for the first time I noticed that he was very much out of breath and perspiring freely,—in fact, showing every trace of being fairly walked off his legs.

"You English," he sighed, as he mopped his forehead, "do make such great paces!"

A remark that the same good fellow let drop one day tended to prove two things—viz., that the student is thrifty by choice as well as more or less of necessity; and that the Church in Germany, as well as in England, is a

poorly paid profession. I had asked him whether a certain coarsely-cut tobacco, which I saw in nearly every tobacco-shop, was really smokable.

"Oh! that," he said, "is very cheap tobacco; it is what the students smoke, and the vicars."

Certainly a maximum income of £200 a-year, and later on, at a certain age or after so many years' service, £300, does not suggest the smoking of a very costly type of tobacco. This modest income seems to be about all that the Lutheran vicar has to look forward to, and the house provided for his use is something very far removed from our idea of a country parsonage. For this reason the class of men who are encouraged to take orders is rather that of the Welsh than of the English parson. It did not indeed fall to my lot to hold more than a passing conversation with a vicar, but I had a better opportunity of gauging the status of a vicar's son, who was, I believe, himself reading for Holy Orders. In my own mind I had put the young gentleman down for a grocer's assistant, who had forgotten to use his razor for a week or so; and it came upon me in the light of a shock to discover that he was the son of the clergyman of the parish. The Roman Catholic priests, on the other hand, struck me as being a distinctly superior body of men. How the rival establishments get on together I had no curiosity to inquire, but a trivial circumstance pointed to the conclusion that the differences between the two are not very strongly accentuated.

"We will go to church together tomorrow, Mr. —," said my German friend.

"I should like to," I responded; "but what Church shall we go to?"

"I will find the times," was the answer, and in a few minutes he returned to say that the service in the Roman Catholic Church was at 10 o'clock, in

the Lutheran at 10.30. "Therefore," he concluded, "we will go to the Lutheran."

As to a man who cannot understand the language one service seemed likely to be as edifying as another, I assented. But it struck me as curious at the time that to my friend Herr G—, who I fully believe to be a good churchman, as well as in all other respects an excellent fellow, the hour rather than the creed should have been taken into account. There was something still more strange about the sequel. For on going to the Lutheran Church we found indeed the semblance of a congregation hanging about the door, but the door was closed and there was no sign of the parson. After some waiting, the congregation gradually dispersed, two English ladies in addition to ourselves remaining on till eleven o'clock on the chance that for some reason or another the hour for service might have been altered. But when the clock struck and there was still no sign of the parson, we gave it up in despair and took a stroll round the large and shady churchyard. There, presently, we encountered no less a person than the vicar himself, walking quietly round the churchyard and reading a book.

"Why," inquired my companion, "is there no service?"

The answer, so far as I could make out, was that a good many people were away, the congregation on the preceding Sunday had been very small, the weather was very hot, and so—the service had been postponed till the next Sunday! After that I was inclined to think that the Lutheran vicars are not so badly paid as I had imagined. The interior of a Lutheran church, I may say, entirely recalls that of the Salem Chapel at Cheltenham, where I was once an involuntary worshipper. It has always been my habit, if I find myself in a strange town on Sunday

morning, to sally out into the street at 10.45 and follow the first well-dressed person I see carrying a prayer-book. Strangely unfamiliar was the appearance of the church to which I was in this way guided at Cheltenham. But once there, I elected to stay, and for the one and only time in my life listened to the hymn that commences "Before Jehovah's awful throne." Until I actually heard it, I say it to my shame, I had always imagined that the hymn, like the names Tabitha, Tagrag, Tittlebat, Titmouse, &c., was the exclusive property of Samuel Warren.

To return, however, to that superfluous amount of *avoirduois* which our well-to-do Teutonic cousin is by way of carrying. The working-classes, for whom manual labor supplies the missing amount of exercise, keep their figures far better. The German laborer really seems to know what work actually means. I passed five road-menders one day, and was struck by the fact that every man-jack of them was hard at it. The road-mender as I see him in my part of the world is an independent gentleman, who sits on his barrow and smokes a pipe at the expense of the ratepayers. The peasant woman in Germany has no time to get fat. She gets hard instead. At least a half of the field work is apparently done here by the women. Small wonder, then, that they so early in life lose all trace of womanly comeliness. But is it ungallant to suggest that in higher circles the German Frau follows the example set by her better half? In her teens and early twenties the German girl is active enough,—indeed, judging from the frequency with which I either meet her carrying a lawn-tennis racket or see her rowing on the river, she is more active than her brother. But from the day that she is married and begins to take life more quietly, she puts on flesh rapidly, and before she has struck thirty has

commonly attained to what we are apt to call "a comfortable figure." Nor is this term an unmeaning phrase. Objectively there is something very restful and comfortable about these substantial housewives. The restless man or woman who wears a "lean and hungry look," seldom suggests comfort. I find that our Rest-Cure Pension is a haven of refuge for many hungry-looking Americans. The occasional plump visitor is merely hypochondriacal.

A walk is the German's fixed idea of exercise,—not a fast, blood-stirring walk, but a slow and sedate progress, the kind of walk we sometimes take *en famille* in England, when the weather is either too hot or too wet for more violent exercise, and we feel called upon by a sense of duty to give our children and our dogs an airing. Is it, I sometimes ask myself, the German master who takes out the German dog, or the German dog that performs that service for his master? For a German gentleman out for a walk without his dog is an almost unknown quantity.

If, on the one hand, the exceeding tameness of so-called wild birds,—sparrows, chaffinches, blackbirds, &c.,—coupled with the friendliness shown by dogs and horses to an unknown stranger, tends to the belief that the Germans as a nation are habitually kind to animals, the cat is strangely conspicuous by its absence. At the time that I pen these lines I have been for more than two months in Germany, and in all this time I have seen only one cat and one kitten. There are times when an unworthy—I hope, by the way, that it really is unworthy—suspicion haunts my mind, and I picture the cat as a treasured and pampered animal kept in some odd corner of the house and fed on the fat of the land with a view to future reappearance in the form of the everlasting

German sausage. Did I read it in a book during my infancy or was it a tale that my dear father, so rich in anecdotes, told me long years ago? The latter, I fancy, so here goes the tale. My father, then, or an acquaintance, watching a mill at work in a country village, was astonished by the large number of cats of all sizes and ages which, in pursuit of an honest livelihood, ran ceaselessly to and fro amidst the clumsy machinery.

"I say, my man," at last observed the watcher to one of the miller's men, "don't any of those cats ever get killed?"

The man scratched his head doubtfully, as if considering his answer.

"Towd uns," he exclaimed at last, "well, I reckon as they can take care of themselves, but us grimbles a kitling now and again."

That hideously suggestive answer came back like a flash to my memory as I gazed with wonder rather than admiration on the noble proportions of a German sausage some eight feet long, and as thick as my fore-arm, that was hung up by way of advertisement in a "flesher's" shop. And with the vision of grimbled kitlings haunting my imagination, I then and there made up my mind to eschew my usual practice of so far conforming to the custom of the country as to eat a thin slice of sausage at the evening meal. I will not deny that those thin slices tasted no way amiss, but "*ignotum omne pro horribili*" will henceforth be my motto in respect of the German sausage.

Dogs, on the other hand, I meet galore—in fact, I never recollect having seen so many dogs in one small town. Collies, quite good-looking collies, abound. But terriers are in a decided minority. Of mongrel terriers, to be sure, there is a fair sprinkling; but in the course of my wanderings I have only encountered one good fox-terrier and two or three respectable bull ter-

riers, the latter, whether by law or by custom, invariably muzzled. I am on patting terms with more than one poodle,—when in full dress always a satisfactory article to pat; but the poodle-d Spitz, in Germany apparently a favorite animal, I avoid on principle. Dachshunds, some of them very good, others perhaps from the connoisseur's point of view equally good but with an exaggeration of the bow in the front legs that renders their gait wearisome to themselves and painful to the uninitiated observer, may be said to swarm in every street. Still, after making all due allowance for the popularity of the dachshund, it seems to me that substance rather than quality in the matter of his canine companion appeals to the mind of the well-to-do German, and that he does not thoroughly enjoy his daily constitutional unless he is accompanied by either mastiff, St. Bernard, Bismarck hound, or, most commonly of all, a pointer with his tail cut short. I must admit that to my insular mind it seemed at the first blush to be a sort of profanation of a sporting dog's dignity to dock his tail and convert him into a non-sporting man's companion on an aimless walk through crowded thoroughfares or along dusty roads. Yet when I saw how naturally he played the part, sniffing at likely corners, exchanging compliments with canine friends, or picking up savory morsels in the street, a suspicion crossed my mind that we had been on the wrong tack in England in perverting the character of a creature designed for these homely purposes, and compelling him to range the fields in search of game, and on occasion to assume that strained attitude which evoked Mr. Winkle's astonishment.

Dogs of these larger types are also much in favor with petty hucksters, and those whom I have heard spoken of in England as "kitchen-garden

farmers." What the big dog does here in his private life on the homestead I have had no opportunity of discovering, but from his well-cared-for appearance and jaunty gait when he appears in his public capacity of "draught animal" I conclude that, like the Irishman's pig, he ranks as no unimportant member of the family. At first I was inclined to pity the poor animals as I watched them either in single or double harness,—the farmer himself or the farmer's boy being often the yoke-fellow, dragging to or from the market a low-built, but by no means lightly laden, cart. But, as in the case of the pointer, I am beginning to reverse my opinion. For the longer I watch the proceeding, the more convinced do I become that the animal is performing his proper function in life. As an American humorist once remarked, a Newfoundland dog is an excellent animal to save the life of a child who falls into a pond. But, he added, if you have neither child nor pond handy, the Newfoundland is apt to become an expensive pensioner. So, too, with the St. Bernard, most valuable auxiliary to the distressed traveller lost in a snow-drift. What is the object of his existence on the outskirts of a country town, where there are neither distressed travellers nor snow-drifts? Clearly to warn off intruders from the homestead by his sonorous bark at night, and in the daytime to take his share of the day's work by acting as a draught animal. In that capacity he is less obstinate and more intelligent than the coster's donkey, a far more rapid mover than the ox, less sensitive to road alarms than the horse. And, if one can judge from appearances, he does his share of the day's work not only with hearty goodwill but with positive pleasure. For he wags his tail as he walks along, and when his master calls a halt at the end of a stiff incline he looks rather

surprised than gratified. Let me lay emphasis on the fact that, of some hundred dogs which in my daily walks I have watched drawing carts, I have never seen one that did not appear to be on excellent terms with himself, his master, and the world at large. Nor have I witnessed a single instance of anything approaching ill-treatment. We all of us know, my good English farmer or miller, that uncouth creature which you choose to call your yard-dog, a poor beast which diversifies its long bouts of sleepy sulkiness in the daytime by growling savagely and springing to the full length of its chain in the attempt to demolish some inoffensive stranger, and which disturbs your neighbors' rest by discordant barkings at the moon, or at other sight, or it may be sound, of the night. I grant you that the poor animal partly fulfils his purpose as a tramp-scarer. But if you will only condescend to take a leaf out of your German brother-farmer's book, and give poor Phylax a little healthy exercise by day in the form of drawing a cart, you will at once be saving your own pocket and converting a savage, suspicious, and probably hypochondriacal barbarian into a healthy, happy, and self-respecting citizen. Nor will you be in any degree impairing the efficiency of your night-watchman. A dog who has done a good day's work may bury his nose in his paws and enjoy a healthy and invigorating sleep. But he will never slumber so soundly that the approach of a strange footfall will fail to awaken him, and if he merely omits to bay the moon or to bark at rustling leaves, neither you nor your neighbor will be the loser.

The German horses seem distinctly good, the best of them probably not better than good English horses, but the worst of them many classes superior to the wretched screws with which we are only too familiar. Possibly the Germans have discovered that

a really bad horse saves his keep and brings grist to the mill by being converted into sausages. Curiously enough, in this district there is a great dearth of ponies, and still more curiously, on asking the reason, I was told that the country round about was too hilly for them. I had always been led to believe that there was a natural affinity between hills and ponies.

Never, except perhaps in the looking-glass, have I clapped eyes upon a donkey since I came to Germany. It is possible again that potted donkey may be in request for sausages.

Standing on the bridge here on one market-day, I watched seven vehicles go past me. Of these, two were drawn by pairs of horses; two by single horses, looking very lop-sided by reason of being on one side of a pole instead of between the shafts; one was drawn by a pair of dogs; the sixth by a dog and a boy, and the last by—a cow. Not an ox, mind, but a *bond fide* mother of the milky herd, and a good milker, too, I would warrant her. The dear old lady, who was moving at a snail's pace, looked singularly out of her element. And she wore a distinctly bored and even apologetic look, as of one who would like to have said to me, "Look here, Mr. Englisher, this isn't my job at all, but one must lend a leg occasionally to oblige a neighbor."

The German child—which, being of the neuter gender, on the ground, I conclude, of its irresponsibility, must certainly rank after the dog, which, as being a working member of the community, is masculine—struck me when I saw it on the streets and roads as being a very independent and easily amused atom. Dirty, very dirty the village child; perhaps not really dirtier than its English cousin, but looking dirtier by reason of the bare legs and feet. The German toy-shop is a thing to dream of, and yet nothing more costly than a rag-doll seems to reach

the cottager's child. Nor did I ever see a village boy with either hoop, top, or ball. But the children seem to get on excellently well without toys, and I have enjoyed watching their games. A week ago, when walking with my German friend, we came across a party of happy bare-legged girls, who, having bedizened them-

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selves with wild-flowers and leaves, were playing at "Matrimony," the tiny bride being, in spite of her unwashed appearance, a really lovely child. Turned back in our walk by an evil-smelling pond, we found, ten minutes later, the same party still playing. But this time they were "christening the baby."

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER III.

"OUR LOVES HAVE MINGLED WITH TOO MUCH OF FATE."

Dwelling two miles apart they must needs write letters to each other. This to show how deep they were in love. Nor would they deliver the letters, but left them within a hollow tree to be explored by the wood-files and afterward kissed by the exultant lover. This, because they loved in the herolical manner.

A westerly gale was whistling in the woods, and the pale December sun made the wet meadows a pavement of stars. She came swiftly through the clear rain-washed air, a dark figure of grace, lithe, light of foot, and laughed for joy of the morning and herself. So she came to the gnarled oak and took from her bosom a letter and set a kiss on it and hid it and ran away.

Thus the romantic maid. And soon came her hero, galloping home to dinner, and checked his fiery steed with due herolical violence and snatched her letter from its hiding.

"Dear child!" said her hero, with something of condescension and a smile, and broke the seal.

Mr. Dane,—Indeed, Sir, you are a very great Person. And many mighty Matters have eat up all yr time. And I think you have not given me a

Thought for fore Days. And indeed, Mr. Dane, I'd not call you to come to ye Red Barne Inn ever more (because of yr great Greatness, noble Sir). But a Gentleman in ye vastest Hurrie hath brought me Papers ye which I did promiss to give in mine own Hand to ye right worshipful Mr. Dane. And indeed I will not come to you, being very well contented. My Cousins Bedfords, ye great Players, stay with us and do make good Entertanements. So I have no Leesure to think on ye great Mr. Dane. And he must come if he would put me in mind of himself. Indeed I have forgot whether he be *Dark* or *Fair*. And I am to be a Player myself. For my Cousin Bedford wants me. So fare well, Mr. Dane—From yr humble servant,

Rose.

Do come.

At the admirable conclusion the great Mr. Dane laughed and galloped on to his dinner.

Before his father, Squire Silas, a Puritan of the straitest sect, Mr. Dane did not speak of the letter. Already his father disapproved of so much in him that it was supererogation to give further cause for blame. But as Mr. Dane combed his ruddy locks after dinner entered his uncle, Sir Matthew, and approached the matter jovially:

"Always adorning yourself, Tom! Ah, rogue, rogue!" Tom turned from the glass and looked his uncle up and

down. Now Sir Matthew was of frugal mind, and his riding-coat in the country testified thereto.

"Gad, sir, let us have one in the family who looks a gentleman!" said Tom, with the gracious arrogance of youth. But his good uncle bore no malice.

"A hit, lad, a clean hit!" he chuckled and looked down at his weather-beaten garb without shame. "Odso, my gay days are past. No fine ladies wait for me in the lane, eh, rogue?"

"Why, sir," says Tom, getting into his boots, "why, sir, they would be very sore in need of a gallant."

"Well, lad, well! There is no answering you. And zounds, I came to ask not answer. Will you bide with us at Send for a week?"

"I thank you, sir. But I believe my father needs me." Sir Matthew looked at him and began to laugh.

"Father, eh? Not two bright eyes at the Red Barn? Oh rogue!" and again he laughed.

"My dear uncle, believe me, you are not witty," said Tom, picking up cloak and hat.

"No? No? Good lack! Zounds, I'll swear you are off to her now."

"You may swear, sir, as much as your conscience allows," said Tom and went out. On his departure Sir Matthew ceased suddenly to laugh and stood at the door listening to the footsteps. Then as they died, he moved across the room, tried a cabinet, found it open, dropped in a bundle of papers, closed it, and then with a jaunty air went out. From the door he watched his nephew riding towards the village, then mounted himself and made for the London road at speed. Where the trees grow thick about the cross roads beyond Cobham a man waited, leaning against the gibbet.

"Smithers?" The man stepped out and touched his hat. "At the inn, after all—the inn or thereby. But presently

search his room at the manor. Be sure of that above all."

"I be minded to be sure of all, m'lud," said Smithers, jerking his big shoulders.

"No violence!" Sir Matthew cried hastily. "No rashness! At your peril, do not harm him."

"I, m'lud? I dandles my bully-boys, m'lud. Leave it all to Tony Smithers." Mr. Smithers, who was broad and bandy, waddled off down the hill to Cobham. Sir Matthew watched him a while, then rode for Send and home. To be just, his aspect may not be called gay.

Of gray chalk flint and rubble, with thatch drooping over the little casements, the Red Barn Inn spread itself long and low in face of the road to Byfleet Mill. Set back in the meadow the great barn, with red tiled roof and ruddled doors, and walls of mellow brick, made a splash of bright color on the dank dark grass.

Thither came Mr. Dane in a hurry, and dismounting in the stable-yard was greeted with a grin from the ostler's boy and melodious strains from the barn, strains of an indifferent guitar and an admirable woman's voice.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring

time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
ding;

Sweet lovers love the spring.

"Brava! Fine, I protest!" cried another woman's voice; and Mr. Dane opening the door.

"Fine, I agree!" He beheld a pastoral scene. A swain in purple velvet reclined on oat straw and strummed the shrill guitar; a lady in yellow silk beside him clapped thin jewel-laden hands: before them, where the light fell through the open door of the loft

on the gravel, a girl was dancing. Her dress of russet brown clung close, and swaying to the music, she showed her maiden beauty quick with life and eager. The kind light played on her bare white neck, and gave to desiring eyes the shell-pink and rose-red of cheek and parted lips, the heavy black cloud of her hair. She put a curtsy into her dance, and Mr. Dane bowed with a whirl of his plumed hat, extravagantly.

"Oh, brave!" cried the lady in yellow. He was approaching the dancer, when "La, sir, 'tis not your cue!" said she.

"Madame, be my call-boy," said Mr. Dane, with a more exaggerated bow.

"Oh, gallant!" the lady simpered, and swept her yellow skirt from the straw to make a place for him beside her.

"Shall I profane the hallowed sheaves?" says he, with another bow. "Nay, faith! My Ceres, reign alone!" The yellow lady giggled, and again Rose sang:

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey
nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring time, the only pretty
ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

"Brava! brava!" cried the lady shrilly. "I protest, Mr. Bedford, she would carry the town." Mr. Bedford laid aside his guitar, and rose.

"A song rude and rustical," he declared. "Would we could hear something more polite! I yearn, I protest I yearn, for Mr. Shadwell's graceful passion—that Apolline verse:

'Though darts and flames from her eye
fly, sir,
And her breast is warm and spicy
———'"

He hummed those immortal words,

then made a tragic gesture of despair. "But our rustic Rosa hath not heard Mr. Shadwell's name, I apprehend?"

"No, indeed, cousin." Mr. Bedford repeated his gesture with a hollow laugh of scorn. "But you do not know Mr. Dane." Mr. Dane was straightway presented to Mr. and Mistress Bedford, twin stars in the firmament of the King's Playhouse.

"Madame, your most devoted—Sir, your humble obedient——" said Mr. Dane, with dramatic reverences.

"La, sir," the lady simpered.

"I am proud, sir, proud," cried Mr. Bedford.

"Sir, I am prouder," said Mr. Dane, with a lower bow, and the lady made eyes at him.

"Sir, you are very polite——" Mr. Dane put up a deprecating hand. "Nay, I repeat. Of urban grace! We are vastly honored——"

"Vastly, faith," the lady sighed and languished.

"Dear lady!" murmured Mr. Dane.

"We had not hoped for such an audience." Mr. Dane started. "To pleasure our rustic Rosa here we had sworn ourselves to give somewhat of the majesty and melody of——"

"By your leave, nay, by your leave! I must needs deny myself your majestic and melodic splendor. Mistress Charlbury desired to speak with me. And a lady, sir, a lady—you take me?" Mr. Bedford bowed stiffly and walked away, balked of a victim, and wroth.

"Mistress Charlbury will not speak to you ever if you are so rude, sir," said Rose to Mr. Dane's ear.

"Mistress Charlbury could never refrain." Mr. Dane laughed at her earnest brown eyes. Whereat Rose made him a little curtsy, and cried:

"Pray come, cousin. Mr. Dane begs!"

At which Mr. Bedford turned and returned with alacrity. "Now, sir, dare to be rude again!" Rose whispered, and her eyes flashed royally. Mr. Dane

pinched her cheek. Mr. Bedford lifted up his voice.

"From Mr. Dryden's most admired 'Conquest of Granada.' The false Lyndaraxa," he bowed to his wife, "is judged by her Abdelmelech"; he bowed to his audience.

"Now are we doomed," groaned Mr. Dane, and took Rose by the arm. "Thou rogue, what of this mystery of a letter for me?" Rose laughed. "Zounds, I believe there never was a letter!" Rose laughed again. "Oh, rogue! Flee from the wrath to come."

"No, you shall stay and see the sacrifice," Mr. Bedford roared, grasping the yellow lady by the hands and whirling her round in the sunlight. Mr. Bedford set forth in his chest voice the treachery of his love, Lyndaraxa. Lyndaraxa wept, grievous to behold and yellow.

"Is he not grand?" Rose whispered. "As the village bull, love."

Lyndaraxa dried her eyes, turned and smiled upon Abdelmelech (Mr. Bedford), who at that awful sight started back aghast. Lyndaraxa cast her arms about his neck. He appeared in agony. "Sure he has my true sympathy," muttered Tom. Lyndaraxa explained that she had always loved Abdelmelech, and betrayed him out of her affection; had, moreover, betrayed his foes to keep the balance even. The stern Abdelmelech puts her from him:

No Lyndaraxa (says he hoarsely): 'tis
at last too late;
Our loves have mingled with too much
of fate;
I would but cannot now myself de-
ceive;
O that you still could cheat and I be-
lieve!

And after an exhortation in the style of the pulpit Lyndaraxa was repulsed, and went off breathing threats and slaughter into the straw.

Tom applauded tumultuously.

"Sure, madam, I had not believed one face could show so much passion—nor one voice call forth such terrors, Mr. Bedford."

"La, sir!" and the lady simpered.

"Sir, we are pleased to please you," quoth Mr. Bedford majestically.

"'Twas noble, cousin," said Rose simply. Mr. Bedford laughed and nodded knowingly to Tom.

"Ah, sir, the rustic mind cannot feel the polite thrill as we."

"Sir, I deplore it." Tom shook his head sadly at Rose. "Mistress Charlbury, grieve for your rusticity." Her cheeks flamed.

"Cousin, you will pardon me? I have something for Mr. Dane's ear." With bows and curtsies they parted, and Rose and Tom went out to the red sunset. "I am angry, sir. You were gibing in each word." Tom laughed.

"Why, the coxcomb could not feel it."

"The coxcomb is my cousin, Mr. Dane."

"And 'tis the worst thing I know of you."

"You were not gentlemanlike."

"To that?" Tom laughed, with a jerk of his head towards the barn.

"Sure, Mr. Dane, if you are too fine for my kin, you are too fine for me." It appeared to Tom a moment for tenderness.

"Dear, none is that last," said he, and slipped his arm about her, and drew her into the shadows of the lane, and bent over the white beauty of her neck.

"No"—she moved away from him—"no; you have fine words in plenty for me—but for my friends sneers. And if that is your kindness, I want none."

"Why, I profess the good man is well pleased. And if I was huffing, it was because I wanted you alone. Sure, we want no audience, dear. Why must you keep me waiting?" She came

closer, and looked up a moment. They passed to a meadow path.

"Were you indeed impatient, sir?" she asked; and at that she was caught to him and kissed, and she laughed at him. "Sure, 'twas pleasant to make you wait."

"Oh, rogue. But you, too, were waiting. Coveting kisses, I protest."

"I will not be kissed any more."

"So she said rashly. And desired to be proved a false prophet. So. Why, I was but waiting for the letter. Egad, I had never stayed else."

"And what if there be no letter at all, sir?"

"Why then we will go into the copse, and on my knees shall the traitress ask my gracious pardon. On my knees, mistress."

"But indeed we will not go into the copse. We will go back into the lane. For there Mr. Dane must go in fear of who comes by. And, alack! he need be in fear of something, or I fear him. And indeed there was a letter, for here it is." He kissed it, for it came warm from her bosom, and he kissed the hand that gave it. She blushed a little, and they came out to the lane. He broke the seal, and peering in the faint light read this:

To greet Charles Stuart.

In Bushey Park by ye hollow chestnut. The 20th December an hour before noon. Musketoons to carry eight balls. Fail not.—*Brutus*

She saw him frown as he read, saw the glint of his pale blue eyes as he looked up.

"Whence came this?" he said sharply.

"Why, a fat man in gray bade me give it to your own hand, Tom."

"What like was he?"

The white brow wrinkled. "Indeed I cannot tell," she said at last. Tom's keen cold eyes searched her.

"He said that only?" She nodded. "When?"

"Yester morning."

"On your honor—you know nought of him?" The hard voice, the suspicious eyes, made her stammer:

"Tom—why?—I—I—"

And then a half-dozen men came riding down the lane. Tom flashed one glance, crushed the paper, and dropped it behind him in the ditch. But:

"Mark that!" cried the first. "Stand, sir, in the King's name!"

"Will it serve if I sit?" said Tom, and sat down on the bank. "So, then, Mistress Charibury!" he said with a sneer. Rose clasped the tossing wave of her breast, and gazed wide-eyed.

"Stick me, this is what I do like!" The first rider dismounted. "Mr. Dane? I be Antony Smithers, with a warrant for 'e." He made a dive for the letter in the ditch.

"The charge, Mr. Smithers?" Mr. Smithers spread out the letter, and read it with a chuckle.

"Odso, Mr. Dane," says he, looking up, "why ask me? Be there ever anything but a plot? Stick me, but I do not take it very handsome in 'e to have this writings here by, waiting for me." At that, and his knowing grin, Tom looked at Rose, and gave a little hard laugh. He beheld a traitress, nay, a Delila. For he could be no less than a Samson. But your hero is never more heroic than in his hour of defeat and betrayal; so,

"Your plan is most admirable, Mr. Smithers," said the hero, bowing.

"Ods blood, and as it be!" He began in a swift manner to read the warrant—"plot and conspiracy—life of our liege Lord and King—" rolling forth copious phrases with unction. "There now! And here you be, Thomas Dane, Esquire, and I will say mistress here, have done our business mighty well." He gave a guffaw in the direction of Rose, who was gasping and white.

"I am quite of your mind, Mr. Smithers." Mr. Smithers still guffawed.

"To keep 'e here quiet and lone and all—stick me! And to get the musque-toonous letters in your hand, so to put it—stick me, stick me! She be a King's maid, she be!" Mr. Smithers' underlings were vastly delighted with Mr. Smithers' wit: also Mr. Smithers, who must guffaw heartily to Mr. Dane's set smile and Rose's white lips before he could suggest, "Well, will 'e walk, Mr. Dane?"

"To a horse, if you please."

"For sure. The Prisoners' Hackney be a waiting."

Mr. Dane rose, and, with Mr. Smithers' fat hand on his shoulder, swept a bow. "Mistress Charlbury, I can never hope to tell you all my admiration." But she ran to him and flung her arms about him, tearful, distraught, sobbing:

"Dear—dear—forgive me—I'd no guess—no——"

Mr. Dane laughed.

"O Lyndaraxa! 'Would that you still could cheat and I believe!' O admirable Lyndaraxa! Mistress Charlbury, you are well suited in cousins, but sure, you surpass them both!" He put her away from him, and the girl, trembling and dazed, would have fallen but for a tipstaff's arm. "Nay, consider. You are but playing! Real tears? Nay, this is noble! I applaud humbly—and so—Della, good night!"

Off swung the hero, betrayed but debonair, cocking his hat; and his false love was left holding tight to the lichened fence, looking after him into the mist of night. They loved in the heroical manner.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. ANTHONY SMITHERS FOLLOWS A HAT.

Mr. Smithers and his company splashed slowly down the sodden lane. Around them spake the voice of many

waters, for the floods were out far and wide. White mist hid land and water beneath a common pall. So Mr. Smithers and his party, a little damp and a little cold, jogged on towards the bridge at the mill, Mr. Smithers having no mind to ford the Wey in flood-time and by night. They could ride no better than slowly, for the Prisoners' Hackney was a steed worse than all others, to be overtaken easily by any creature with two sound legs. Mr. Dane, jolting on this lame beast, considered his situation. A tipstaff, well mounted, held his bridle on either side, tipstuffs in front, tipstuffs behind shut him in. So, since 'twas no use to think of escape, he thought of his capture.

Some one was anxious to entangle him in a plot. So much was clear at the first sight of that theatrical epistle. He wasted no time in reflection that he was, after all, innocent. There was no profit in being innocent. When all juries ran mad at the mere whisper "plot!" the one safety was not to be accused.

"Humph!" says Mr. Dane to his wits, "and who has a profit in hanging me?" and received at once an answer. Clearly his dear uncle, who would become the heir of Bourne. And, egad, clearly my Lord Sunderland, who would be rid of a man that knew too much. Sunderland and dear Uncle Matthew! Faith, the whole idea smacked of Sunderland. It might have been Sunderland's self in the jade's brown dress. To lure him from Bourne Manor where the serving-men would have struck for him, to hold him in dalliance till the tipstuffs came, to give him the damning letter just so that he could not hide it—'twas worthy nothing less than the admirable brain of my Lord Sunderland. And faith, Sunderland's self it was beyond all doubt that made the plan. Dear Uncle Matthew's wits had never wrought thus well—dear Uncle Matthew had been no more than

the ambassador from my lord to his worthy ally, Mistress Charlbury. Uncle Matthew had not brain enough to be more—yes, Mr. Dane desired to be just even to Uncle Matthew, and must confess to a dry humor in that good kinsman. Sure, 'twas a happy thought to come rallying him on his love for Mistress Charlbury when she had been bought to betray him. A damnable happy thought!

Mr. Dane surprised his captors by laughing aloud.

For he was not angry. Sure, no, he was not angry with her. He bowed to superior craft. Oh, admirable Delilla! To scold him, to take offence at his manners—sure, this was the refinement of the decoy's art. Great was Delilla of Byfleet, great past all whooping.

Once more, since it sounded bravely, he laughed aloud.

Faith, Sunderland owed her a heavy fee. It were well if she saw herself paid. Nay, trust Delilla to guard her own interest. For her a prosperous future waited. Never decoy had brighter eyes (poor fool, he had said as much in her deceitful ear), never one a cheek more delicate, a wit more subtle. Nor, by heaven, a false heart! But better laugh—laugh always. A splendid lure she was. Gad, he admired her vastly. Vastly! Zounds, never so much as now.

On which admirable conclusion he was jerked forward as they halted all in a bunch.

Mr. Smithers had come to his bridge and, holding a lantern aloft, peered to see if it were safe. Wherein he showed no cowardly caution, for the roar of the weir was thunderous and the river swirled in foam and fretted at the oaken beams. Mr. Smithers was satisfied, and two by two (since the bridge had no room for more) they began sedately to cross. Two by two: on his near flank the Prisoners' Hackney had no

restraining tipstaff, and, behold, the infatuate steed must needs try to rear and gesticulate at the river.

"Have a care, man, have a care!" cries Mr. Dane to the one swearing tipstaff who jerks the bridle. "Death and hell! Have a care!" and drives his spur into the tipstaff's steed. That also begins a dance, and the two slipping, bumping, staggering on the wet wood, launch Mr. Dane sideways. With a lusty oath and a splash he vanished.

"Stick me! Stap me! Here be to do!" Mr. Smithers muttered, who from the bank beheld the war. "Jerry, you be a fool. Down to ground, boys, and watch the banks! Odso, be ye all jack-ass-babes? Will he float up stream? Get down, down, ye boobies!" Down the boggy banks they ran, puffing and cursing, and Mr. Smithers gave tongue: "There a be, boys, there a be!" Dark amid the foam of mid-stream something rushed by. "Ods bones, there a be!" Mr. Smithers roared and splashed on over land and water till he was suddenly restrained by a frenzied yell:

"Oh, Master Smithers! Master Smithers, Oh!" and a subsequent splash.

For Samuel Bell was a lazy man. So Samuel stayed with the horses while his friends ran down the banks. Samuel remained with the horses and there was seen by Mr. Dane as he trod water beneath the mill dam. Detaching his cloak to follow his hat for the amusement of Mr. Smithers, Mr. Dane paddled gently to the bank and crawled out unseen of Samuel Bell, who watched the fortunes of his energetic friends. In sportsmanlike fashion, stealthily, Mr. Dane approached Samuel Bell, touched him by neck and leg, and hove him into the stream. Whence his pitiful cry.

Mr. Smithers turning, saw dimly through the mist a commotion of steeds, heard a great scrambling and

splashing, and ran back roaring, "In the King's name! Od rot ye, sir, stand!" There was borne back to him the thud of galloping hoofs. Mr. Smithers came back to the bridge, and found the Prisoners' Hackney trying to make a meal of sodden grass.

"Stap me! Here be to do!" Mr. Smithers muttered, and scratched his head.

In a while they brought to him Samuel Bell, who, shivering, offered him the bedraggled hat of Mr. Dane. At that last straw Mr. Smithers spoke his emotions.

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(To be continued.)

H. C. Bailey.

THE FLOOD.

Mr. Chamberlain at Highbury, like Noah in his ark, looks out upon a waste of waters, from which himself and nine other souls have been miraculously, that is wonderfully, preserved. While justly proud of the personal confidence which his services to the City of Birmingham have inspired in his fellow-townsmen, he cannot but feel some regret for the ruin he has brought upon his political friends. Mr. Jesse Collings is an excellent man, and it seems silly to laugh at the mention of his name. Among amateur photographers Sir Benjamin Stone ranks high. But even if they were intellectually equivalent to the Duke of Devonshire, to Lord Goschen, to Lord St. Aldwyn, to Lord Avebury, and to Lord James, they could not also compensate for the defeat of every member of the late Cabinet who sat in the House of Commons except Mr. Akers-Douglas, Mr. Arnold-Forster, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Even Mr. Arnold-Forster, who had excised from his useful manual, the *Citizen Reader*, every paragraph that illustrated or denounced the folly of Protection, would not now sit for Croydon if the Free Traders of the borough had not been divided among themselves. Mr. Balfour was swept out of Manchester by the wave that swept Mr. Churchill in. Mr. Lyttelton has gone, and Mr. Brodrick, and Mr. Gerald Balfour, and, outside the Cabinet, Mr. Bonar Law, the ablest spokes-

man of Tariff Reform except Mr. Chamberlain himself. The Goliath of Protection, Mr. Chaplin, has fallen in his own county among those who were once his tenants. Mr. Boscawen has followed him into private life. There remain only, to give glory to their leader, Sir Howard Vincent, who is not the clever man of the family, and Mr. David McIver, for whom Liverpool cherishes the same sort of grateful tenderness that good men who recollect that they were children feel for their maiden aunts.

Except Birmingham and the City of London, Great Britain is solid for Free Trade. In town and country, in urban districts and agricultural districts, it is all the same. With monotonous but emphatic regularity the people of England and the people of Scotland have proclaimed their allegiance to Peel and Cobden. The vote of Birmingham was personal. It would have been exactly the same if Mr. Chamberlain had recalled and repeated the conclusive arguments and the incisive language with which twenty and five-and-twenty years ago he slaughtered the Fair Traders of those days. It was no more a vote for Tariff Reform than it was a vote for the improved cultivation of orchids. The City of London consists politically of caretakers and plural voters. The great bankers and merchants who believe in Free Trade as they believe in the rule of three are

swamped by a crowd of stockbrokers who live by speculation, and regard "corners" as "good biz." To greedy speculators and to needy landlords Protection is undoubtedly attractive. It might really do them good. The working classes perceive that they stand to lose by it, and they will not touch it with one of their fingers. Nor do they stand alone. Nothing has been more remarkable in this great election than the way in which employers and employed have worked and voted together. So far from setting class against class, it has united them as they have not been united for many generations against a policy which would have involved them in common disaster. The most valuable collection of facts and figures for candidates, except the Board of Trade Returns, was the pamphlet issued by Mr. Macara, President of the Cotton-spinners' Federation in Lancashire. The President of the Operatives' Society, Mr. Ashton, supported him in every particular. Mr. Balfour had to maintain, before some of the hardest-headed men in England, that the system which alone enables Lancashire to compete successfully with the whole world required to be taken to pieces and reconstructed. He could not do it. He displayed a tact and temper which we must all admire, and should do well to imitate. But a defence of philosophic doubt does not appeal to practical men. The cotton-trade of Lancashire gives employment to five millions of people. It is worked upon a very narrow margin of profit. It depends upon free imports. It is the most splendid example of "bald Cobdenism," taking care of the imports and letting the exports take care of themselves, that has ever been seen in the history of mankind. Once, and only once, has it suffered interruption. The occasion was the rebellion of the Southern States in North America, which produced exactly the

same consequences as would follow Protection. The result was the Lancashire cotton-famine. Manufacturers and wage-earners in this country sometimes differ, always to the disadvantage of both. They agree in saying to the Tariff Reformer "Hands off." It is free imports that enable this northern island to retain a commercial supremacy over every other nation in the world, including Germany and the United States. Ever since Mr. Chamberlain began to shriek that our industries were one by one going down before the blighting influence of poor old Cobden's obsolete ideas they have, one by one, been going up, and those branches of business have expanded with the greatest rapidity which he had specially marked out for imminent destruction. It is, of course, an egregious fallacy to assume that an increase in the prosperity of foreigners implies a diminution of our own. The direct contrary is the case. Trade is not war. The richer our neighbors grow, the more business they can do with us. That was why Cobden wanted other Governments to imitate our financial policy. It is a mere delusion of the Tariff Reformers that those Governments considered the expediency of doing so, and deliberately decided in the negative. The military Powers of the Continent, with conscription and no "silver streak," imposed their high tariffs not for protection but for revenue. It was in order to buy off formidable opposition that they exempted their own manufacturers, and thus built up a wall against themselves which they lack the strength to pull down. In the region of prophecy Cobden was as fallible as the rest of us. As an economic reasoner and a practical negotiator he has never been surpassed. But if his predictions had all been fulfilled, and the whole of the civilized world had adopted Free Trade, it would have been a doubtful benefit to

us. An Englishman may be hampered by American tariffs in dealing with an American, or by German tariffs in dealing with a German. But if he competes with a German in America, or with an American in Germany, the freedom of his raw material from duty gives him an advantage over the foreigner. It is "unfair competition," if you like. But the "unfairness" is against the Protectionist, and in favor of the Free Trader. These are elementary truths, which can be expounded without much difficulty to a popular audience. But what knocked the stuffing out of Tariff Reform was the statistical volume issued by the Board of Trade for 1905. 1904 had been a bumper year; 1905 surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine Cobdenite. Free Trade cantered gently past the winning-post while Protection was plunging and panting hundreds of yards behind. That is the worst of political economy. Just as the enemies of the "dismal science" are belaboring it with all their might, or contemptuously dismissing it as "mere theory" from the arena of practical discussion, the theory is justified by the logic of events, and then it is not the political economists who look foolish.

The idea that Tariff Reform did not mean Protection was very easy to explode. Etymologically, of course, it need not. But *qui haret in litera haret in cortice*. A free breakfast table would be in one sense a reform of the tariff, just as the unrestricted importation of Chinese coolies into South Africa would be in one sense Free Trade. But only intellectual children play with words. In the language of sane and rational men Free Trade means a tariff for revenue only, and Tariff Reform means favoring specified industries at the public expense, or in one word Protection. The first thing to be protected in England would be corn, and here

comes in the little loaf, to which Mr. Chamberlain formerly appealed as an illustration, though he now denounces it as an imposture. There is no imposture. It is as certain as anything in physical science that indirect taxes are paid by the consumer, and that there cannot be two prices of the same article in the same market. A corn tax would therefore raise the price of bread, whether Canadian corn were exempted from it or not. The exemption of Canadian corn would be a loss to the revenue. It would be no gain to the purchaser. It would certainly not satisfy those farmers who clamor for agricultural protection, not perceiving that their rents would be raised as soon as it began to work. They dislike Colonial competition quite as much as foreign, and Canadian competition hits them the hardest. The Canadian corn-grower would gain by "Preference." Everybody at home, including the farmer, would lose, and the working classes in Canada itself would derive no advantage. We give the Colonies far more than they give us by supplying them with an open and unrestricted market. Far better for them than the "preference" they offer to British goods, carefully regulated as it is by their own commercial interests, would be their adherence to the example of the Mother Country by the adoption of Free Trade, a tariff for revenue. The most prosperous of the Australasian Colonies, New South Wales, adopted Free Trade from the first. Since New South Wales became a state of the Australian Commonwealth, and as such subject to a Protective tariff, prices and the cost of living have largely increased. Well might John Bright say that Mill's *obiter dictum* in favor of Protection for young communities had done more harm than the rest of his economic writings had done good.

A small duty on corn, two shillings a

quarter, would be felt only by the poorest of the poor. That is the special cruelty of it. It would oppress the same class that now feels the burden of the Sugar Convention, at which the wealthy Tariff Reformer scoffs and jeers. But it would not have satisfied the farmer, and it would soon have been raised to five shillings, ten shillings, twenty shillings, until it began to affect the comfortable classes, when even the Tariff Reform League would have called a halt. *Obsta principiis*, says Persius. That is just what the people of England and Scotland have done. Instead of discussing how much Protection for the rich they could stand, they have said, plainly and bluntly, that they would have none at all. They know very well that times have changed since 1846, and that what meant privation then would mean starvation now.

Mr. Chamberlain has said, with truth and point, that the issue between Free Trade and Protection was never before submitted to the working classes of Great Britain. The last election which turned upon it was held in 1852, when the Parliamentary franchise did not go below the middle class. But Mr. Chamberlain would be the first to admit that the question has been laid before the working classes now, and that they have returned their verdict. It was thoroughly and exhaustively thrashed out in almost every constituency from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End. Mr. Chamberlain has done a real and a great service by enabling workmen to see clearly the enormous blessing which Free Trade has been to them. They had hitherto taken it for granted. Now they see that it is at once as scientifically demonstrable as a proposition of Euclid, and as palpably beneficent as the light of the sun, against which, by the way, the Protectionist candle-makers in Bastiat petitioned their Legislature. For that achievement, if for

no other, Mr. Chamberlain deserves a statue. All Mr. Balfour's dialectics were thrown away upon Manchester because he started without a definition. He played verbal tricks with the expression "Free Trade." But an election, as he discovered to his cost, is not a word-game. The shrewd audiences he sought to bamboozle knew that Free Trade is a term of art, and means a tariff for revenue. It is mere nonsense to talk about a "one-sided" tariff for revenue, or an "unfair" tariff for revenue. Free Trade, as Sir Robert Peel saw even more clearly than Mr. Cobden, is a British policy, adopted by British statesmen for the exclusive benefit of their own country, without regard to the tariffs of other nations, which they could not alter or control. The best way of fighting hostile tariffs, said Peel, is by free imports, and so it has proved. The one serious danger to the commercial supremacy of Great Britain would be the adoption of Free Trade by Germany and the United States. Happily there are powerful interests in both countries who cling to Protection for their pockets' sakes, and, as Senator Lodge said the other day, once you begin to reform a Protective tariff, the whole structure falls to the ground. Mr. Chamberlain has not been successful with his courageous and somewhat unexpected proposal to revise the Sermon on the Mount. The Founder of Christianity said, and what He said is true for all time, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Mr. Chamberlain says, "Do to others as you see them do to you." That the people have not taken Mr. Chamberlain's advice must be matter for rejoicing to all who desire to see England remain a Christian country. Of course his policy would be as materially disastrous as it would be ethically indefensible. But I have never heard that one ought not to do what is right because the consequences

are advantageous to oneself. Retaliation is a weapon with a blunt point and a sharp handle. We abstain from retaliating because if we did retaliate we should injure ourselves. No foreign Government would care how much we taxed manufactures. The Merchandise Marks Act of 1887 is the best gratuitous advertisement the German manufacturer ever had in England. We could annoy the Southern States of the American Union by taxing their cotton. But as the whole population of Lancashire which had no realized property would go to the workhouse, I do not think it likely that we shall try. The fact is that the English people do not want new taxes at all. They would rather narrow the area of taxation by repealing some of the old. The only new tax I have heard suggested which obtained any degree of popular favor was to fine the Tariff Reform League 5000*l.* a fallacy. For the mischievous absurdity that we can "tax the foreigner" a million sterling would hardly be too much. As for the idea that work can be found for the unemployed by restricting trade, it is perhaps the greatest affront ever offered by a public man to the intelligence of his fellow-countrymen.

The Education Act has played a secondary, though an important, part in the recent campaign. It has revived the power of political Nonconformity, which after long torpor had been destroyed by the South African war. Most Nonconformists would have voted in any case for Liberalism and Free Trade. But the Act made them work as they never worked before, and on this occasion the ministers of the Free Churches have rivalled in strenuous activity the ministers of the Establishment. A few months ago, if you wanted in a London club or a London dining-room to see a grin on a fool's face, you had only to mention Passive Resistance. They are laughing on the

other side of their faces now. Passive Resistance got rid of Church rates, and it has virtually repealed the Education Act, which gave almost as much offence to Liberal Churchmen as to Dissenters, because it confounded the Church with the clergy, and Churchmanship with Toryism. When Parliament was dissolved, the Passive Resisters turned into active antagonists, and almost every Liberal candidate in England has felt the value of their services. The policy of identifying the Established Church with one party in the State is lamentably imprudent and essentially irreligious. Archbishop Temple warned the clergy not to accept rates for their schools, because rates would make them the schools of the people. The warning was unheeded, and Dr. Temple himself afterwards forgot it. The consequences must now follow, even if the principle of popular control has to be asserted in a more illustrious place than a National School.

Wiseacres who anticipated from the appeal to the country a very different result argued, before the returns came in, that a Liberal majority would be a majority for Home Rule. If they were right, it would be the first duty of the new Parliament to set up an Irish legislature in Dublin. But they were wrong. They raised a false issue, and the woman who threw a red herring at Mr. Balfour, which happily did not hit him, was a practical humorist. As a convinced Home Ruler of twenty years' standing, who believes that if Gladstone had carried his Bill in 1886 Ireland would now be peaceful, prosperous, loyal, and contented, perhaps I may be allowed to say that it would, in my opinion, be dishonorable and disgraceful to treat the decision of the country as a decision in favor of Home Rule. Thousands of Unionists voted for Liberal candidates because they believed that Free Trade was the issue,

and Home Rule was not. I am sure that the Prime Minister, against whom Mr. Balfour has made an unfounded charge, would as soon think of picking a pocket as of deceiving the Unionists who trusted him. And Mr. Balfour is sure of it, too, or he would have persevered with his Redistribution Bill. Even if the Cabinet were a gang of sharpers, they would be insane to pick a quarrel with the House of Lords in which the Lords would have the right on their side. "Every man," said Tennyson, "imputes himself." Mr. Balfour must have been thinking of his "khaki majority," and the use to which he perverted it in passing his Education Bill. The kind of administrative reform, reform of Dublin Castle, in which he and Mr. Wyndham were engaged when the Ulster Tories took alarm and frightened them, will probably be adopted and carried out, with the assistance of Sir Antony MacDonnell, by Mr. Bryce and Lord Aberdeen. But to that extent Mr. Balfour is a Home Ruler himself, and to govern Ireland in accordance with Irish ideas was the avowed object of his Viceroy, Lord Dudley. Mr. Long took a different view, and the people of Bristol have said what they thought of Mr. Long. Although patriotic Unionists did all they could to make the Government dependent upon the Irish vote, their public-spirited efforts have happily failed.

One bogey down, another bogey up. Home Rule having failed to frighten a child, the nerves of old women are being tortured with Socialism. The Socialists polled their full strength at the elections, and the Social Democratic Federation has not returned a single member to Parliament. Their leader, Mr. Hyndman, was at the bottom of the poll in Burnley, a working-man of great intelligence and high character, Mr. Maddison, being at the top. Mr. Hyndman openly advised his followers

to do the Liberal party all the harm they could. They did as he told them, and in one or two cases they succeeded by procuring the election of a Tory. They were the best friends Mr. Chamberlain had, though they professed themselves Free Traders; and in Northampton, where there were six candidates for two seats, the Conservatives were absolutely confident, not without reason, that the split on the other side would seat them both, as it very nearly did. The Socialists themselves never had the ghost of a chance, because they made proposals which it was known that no conceivable House of Commons would look at. The most Socialistic member of the new House, Mr. Keir Hardie, was also a member of the old. For myself, I think it a misfortune that a party which can poll many thousand votes in the country should have no representative at Westminster. It is an argument for Hare's scheme. But the idea that Government will adopt a platform on which many have stood, and on which none have got in, savors of Bedlam. Continental Socialism, the Socialism of Karl Marx, has not much hold upon the working classes here. But there is another kind of Socialism, and by a curious coincidence two of its most respected champions, Mr. Barnett and Mr. Scott Holland, are canons of the Church of England. The aim of these excellent persons is to put social reform before political change, and to legislate for the benefit of the most numerous class in the community. They are not statesmen, and their plans may sometimes be vague. But unless the present Government take up in a serious spirit the work of social reform, even their vast majority will melt away. The battle of Free Trade has been fought and won. Not in our time will Protection show its ugly head again, disguised as Tariff Reform or under any other *alias*. "Dumping," the

importation of foreign goods below cost price, is only a casual occurrence. Even a wicked foreigner will not reduce himself to absolute beggary for the malignant pleasure of flooding British markets with cheap things. But the possibility of such an event is the one risk of which "rings" and "corners" stand in wholesome and godly fear. If they could have built up a "scientific tariff" against it, they might have gambled in the food of the people, or in cotton, or in iron, and realized vast fortunes at the public expense. That is the true explanation of the frantic and furious energy with which dumping has been denounced. Now that the Tariff Reformers, beaten even in Rochester, have leisure to study the success of Protection in Russia or the failure of Free Trade in Japan, there is some chance of finding a real solution for the problem of the unemployed. To send the quack about his business is an essential condition of getting sound advice from a competent practitioner. The quack has gone, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the responsible physician. When he was Secretary for War he introduced, against the advice of his permanent staff, the eight hours' day in the arsenals and factories of the War Office. The experiment was completely successful. To shorten the hours of labor by bringing them within reasonable limits, and that without coercion, or legislating against public opinion, should not be outside the resources of Liberal statesmanship. A workman's leisure is as important to his mind as it is to his body, and matters as much to him as it matters to a lawyer, a doctor, or a member of Parliament. The Unemployed Act of last year is a much smaller measure than the Bill which the Tory Government brought in, and was rescued from the entire destruction which threatened it by the sagacity of Mr. Crooks, the member

for Woolwich. It is a Charity Organization Act, which can easily be extended into an Act for the permanent provision of useful and profitable employment. Recognition of an abstract "right to work" is futile. But if the gross extravagance which the late Government encouraged were adequately checked, works of national importance could be carried out for the benefit of the whole country. That Englishmen who want employment cannot get it is due to three main causes, with none of which have foreign tariffs anything whatever to do. One cause is that feather in Mr. Chamberlain's cap, which plunged half England into mourning, the South African war. Another is public waste, which during the last five years reached an unexampled pitch of profusion. The third is the introduction of labor-saving machinery. For the third there is no immediate remedy, and in the long run no one benefits more by machinery than the working classes. But if men are overworked their premature decrepitude is an injury to the State as well as to themselves. In every public department the first duty of the time is thrift. The Tariff Reformers made the fatal mistake of attacking the impregnable fortress of our foreign trade, which was never so strong as it is to-day. They neglected altogether the home trade, which has been grievously depressed, and is only now beginning to revive. Nowhere has this depression been more severely felt than in the building trade; and we do not import houses from abroad. At such a time as this the presence of forty or fifty "Labor members" in the House of Commons is a great public advantage. From the constitutional and representative point of view almost every member of Parliament is a Labor member. Still, it is desirable that there should be spokesmen of every class at Westminster, and the most nu-

merous class has hitherto been most insufficiently represented. The first who found his way there, Mr. Burt, of Morpeth, has just been returned again by an enormous majority, and perhaps no man is so universally respected in the House. The Labor party could not have a better leader, unless it were Mr. Wilson, of Durham, whose experience is almost as long; or Mr. Fenwick, of Northumberland, whose majority is even larger. These men belong to the older school of Trade Unionists, and do not differ in opinion from any other Radical. They constitute about half of the "Labor members" returned. The other half, the candidates of the Labor Representation Committee, are pledged, like the Irish Nationalists, to vote as the majority of their own number decide. They are not reckless revolutionaries, but shrewd, keen, practical, businesslike ar-

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tisans. Most of them owe their return to Liberal votes, and they certainly owe nothing to the present Opposition, who threw out the Trade Disputes Bill, or to the Irish Nationalists, who voted for clericalism in schools. The leader of the English Socialists was beaten by a "Labor member," and Trade Unionists were quite satisfied with their legal position until the House of Lords destroyed it in the Taff Vale case. They have neither sympathy nor affinity with Continental Socialism. But they will be invaluable coadjutors in social reform. When the reins dropped from Mr. Balfour's nerveless hands, they were taken up by a statesman whose guiding principle in life has always been common-sense. Of that quality there never was anywhere more need than there is in the United Kingdom to-day.

Herbert Paul.

ON THE SPUR.

Princes had smiled upon him. All London had admired the tall lithe figure dressed in white. Uncomprehended and uncomprehending, he had talked with ministers and statesmen, and had sat silent with restless eyes at theatres and at reviews, glancing with tacit approbation at the battalions of strong sun-burned men, and at the ranks of bare white shoulders in the boxes and the stalls. What he had thought, when he returned to the great stucco house in Bayswater, thronged all the day with Jews and rastaquouères and at night silent, and with some of the mystery of the East, redeeming even the commonness of mid-Victorian architecture, no man can tell.

No doubt, the two veiled women, who like bundles had accompanied

him, asked questions as to the wonders of the mighty *Londrès*, which roared day and night outside, but which they, bound in their hails and the convention of their husbands' faith, had never seen but through their veils when peeping from a window, or through the blinds when driving in the town. But in the intervals of visiting our public institutions or our cotton mills, and as he listened to the promises of statesmen assuring him of England's interest in the welfare of Morocco, and of protection for himself, the tall young Arab Chief Menebhi no doubt thought anxiously of what was going on at Court in far Marákesh, where, as he knew, his rivals were at work. At last, word came that all was over, and that England which had lionized him for a

whole month had got another idol, and with the cross of some Victorian order was waiting civilly to send him on to Germany, where the same flatteries and promises were ready at Berlin.

There without doubt he saw the pomp and state of German militarism, watched educated men turned to machines skirmish and countermarch, whilst all the time rumors arrived from home that his liege lord the Sultan was being warped against him by his foes. Days followed days, and still the weary round of ceremonies, which held him half impatient half attracted, succeeded one another, whilst telegrams and letters from his friends urged his return if he set store upon his life.

When, from the quay at Bremerhaven he stepped aboard the steamer, with his two wives well veiled, his suite and all the useless things, as snuff-boxes from which sprang singing birds, electric toys, repeating watches, and all the costly trash which Orientals buy in Europe, his heart must have rejoiced.

Our pomp and state and noise, our crowds and all the rushing to and fro of modern life, delights an Oriental for a time. He sees our trains and steamers, our telegraphs and telephones, and marvels at them, but in a little while they pall upon him, and his mind, not to be deceived with symptoms, goes at once to causes and sometimes actually, at others with a sort of instinct, he asks himself, are these men happier than we for all their miracles?

He knows a watch is useful, and prefers a gun that kills a mile away to one that carries but a hundred yards, and is quite ready to accept all our inventions, even to railways and to telegraphs, for they seem natural things and admirable in that they save exertion, but on the understood condition that he shall take and use them, but not change the essence of his life. So would a cave-dweller, and almost

every savage, eagerly clutch a sword and throw away his club, if it were offered to him, but each would know, as does the Oriental, that for himself his way of life is best.

During the voyage the ex-ambassador must have paced anxiously enough about the deck, or squatted on a cushion looked out on the horizon as earnestly as did the sailor in the Pinta's shrouds, when the New World was known to be at hand. No doubt occasionally he asked the officers why, if the ship could steam her sixteen knots, she could not manage sixty, for with a miracle so great as was the art of navigation, surely all things were possible, and but a matter of more coal.

When the low coast line with the lonely sea without a sail appeared, and the brown walls of Mazagan, with its mosque towers, and its half-dozen palm trees came in sight, and as the boats came dancing through the surf, the tall white figure paced about the deck. To land, to meet some faithful friends, to greet the governor, all with an air of being still in favor, and as a man who, having stood before the kings of Europe, was anxious for an audience with his lord, must have been as the rack to him, but still he bore it quietly, speaking to all, with the attention due to each particular and individual man. Then as he ambled on his mule through the unpaved and dusty streets, a messenger from his own tribe walking beside his knee, as if to welcome him, gave him the news of his disgrace. He learned the Sultan, young and inexperienced, and left to flatterers, all of whom were eager to supplant the minister, too far away to speak a word in his defence, had turned away his face.

Horses, the tribesman said, were ready, and on the road a strong detachment was in waiting to ride with him to court and to protect him on the way. He made no sign, but rode impassively out to a saint's tomb, just beyond the

walls, ostensibly to pray. Sending his secretary, a thin brown doctor of the law from Mecca, to get his wives and property ashore, he prayed with all the bowings and prostrations which his faith required, and which as in like cases in most creeds, have by degrees become more vital than the prayer.

His tribesmen waited silently until all due formalities which pass between an Arab and his God had been completed, and then when he had shuffled on his shoes and stood erect, poured out their news in the succession of quick snapping gutturals which makes a stranger think that they are on the point of murder, when but engaged in a quiet talk about the price of cows or barley at the sok.

Whilst absent in Berlin and London, it appeared that bit by bit, the confidence of the young Sultan had been undermined. Menebhi, so it seemed, had been accused of having borne himself more as a Sultan than an envoy; of having worn the hood of his burnous drawn forward covering his head when he had stood before the Christian kings, as if he were their equal, and the like. Such accusations, if they be vague enough, always impress an Oriental's mind, and in this case the poison had sunk in, and El Menebhi was advised that on his arrival at Marákesh he would be straight disgraced. Disgraced with Orientals usually carries loss of property, and not infrequently, of life. Some urged immediate flight to Europe, others that refuge should be taken with some consul in Tangier; some that he should remain encamped and send a messenger to argue out the case.

He, getting off his mule, called for green tea, drank the three semi-sacramental cups in silence, holding the silver ring which keeps the amber ball in place inside the cup, with his lean index finger, and then calling the head men of the deputation, said:

"I start at once for court; bring me a horse, one that can do the distance within thirty hours, and send a man on a swift-pacing mule to warn the tribe. Three hundred men of powder are to meet me at El Saghariz."

As he ceased speaking, the setting sun just falling on the yellow walls of Mazagan turned them to orange, then to rose-pink, and lastly to a violet tinge, which made the whitewashed houses look unnatural and ghastly, as the sea breeze sprang up and caused the leaves of palm trees to rattle on their trunks.

The call to prayers rang out, prolonged and quavering, and the grave storks upon the battlemented walls appeared to listen to it, turning their heads and chattering their beaks. At corners of the streets and in the open spaces in the negro village just outside the walls, dotted with castor-oil plants and with cactuses, those of the faithful who felt themselves impelled, engaged in prayer, rising and falling like automata.

Men led their horses down to water, letting them jump about and wallow in the sand like buffaloes, and at the wells the women filled their water-jars, whilst the sea breeze just rustled from the west.

As the last call rang out, repeated from the different towers and taken up in the straw hut which, in the negro village, serves as a mosque, and given back reverberating from the hot walls in one continuous peal as if the callers were determined to take Allah's ear by storm; wake him, if sleeping; or call him back, if on a journey; Menebhi mounted, settled his haik, raising himself erect in the short Arab stirrups, and leaning back against the cantle of his high red saddle, touched his horse sideways with the spur, and struck into the road. His friends and tribesmen, after a hurried blessing, swung themselves some upon their

horses, others on their mules, and then the shadowy white figures melted into the night, their horses' footsteps muffled in the sand, making the line of horsemen look like their own ghosts. They pushed along, their bridles jingling, and their horses swerving now and then as a wild boar broke from the bushes with a grunt, through the thick scrub which for a league or two circles about the town. Then striking into a gray stony tract in which grows now and then a caroub tree, and now and then some patches of white broom, they reached a well just as the false dawn reddened the sky, and as the freshness of the night turned chilly, making them draw their haiks and their burnouses tighter and tie their handkerchiefs around their necks to stop their hoods from falling back in the cold air.

Just by a saint's tomb near the well where grow palmettoes, dwarfs of their species, twisted and gnarled, fantastic looking in the half light when moon is down and sun not risen, and stars above shine coldly through the night, they lighted down. Taking a carpet from a mule, they squatted silently upon it, whilst a black slave made tea, their horses standing with their girths loosened, and the blood dripping down from their flanks, where in the rapid march the edges of the stirrups and the spurs had made their mark. They yawned, their eyes disappearing almost in their heads, rested a leg, and laying back one ear pricked the other forward, listening to every noise, neighing occasionally, and now and then rising and striking at each other with their feet. The mules dozed quietly, their huge red saddles making them look like hobby-horses in a pantomime. Drinking his tea, which he did noisily as a duck eats a weed beneath the water of a pond, a sign of breeding amongst Arabs and the Moors, Menebhi sat, his shoes kicked

off, pale and fatigued, for during the past months he had not ridden, but yet resolute.

"How are the beasts," he said, "Si Hamed? I want to reach the tomb of Sidi Ibn Nor at daybreak, for if we do, and meet the tribesmen with fresh beasts, we can arrive in Marrakesha at the evening call."

Si Hamed rose, a lean brown Arab, tall and taciturn. Shuffling along in horseman's boots and long straight spurs, such as those worn by knights of old, he scanned the animals. Some he pulled by the tails to see if they resisted, for if they stood as firm as trees it is a sign that they are strong. Others he patted, dragging down their eyelids to see if they were red; for when a horse upon the road begins to flag, his eyelid and the flesh about the eye grows paler, as the heart weakening in its action pumps less blood into the veins. He took the mules' long ears and tweaked them, watching most carefully if it took long for them to go back to their pose, and these formalities gone through without a word, he silently came back, seated himself upon the carpet's edge, and in a guttural voice ejaculated "Good." The false dawn waning gave place to dark and heavy clouds, obscuring all the heavens, and rendering the roads almost impossible to travel but at a walk, stumbling in the deep ruts left by the feet of countless travellers for generations past. Then by degrees the first gray light of day appeared, the dark black clouds rolled past, and on the trees and shrubs great drops of moisture hung, wetting the long blue Arab cloaks as they brushed swiftly through the bushes on their way. The stars were setting, and the road lay white before them as they struck into the plain, which, like a sea, stretches from just outside the bushy country of the coast, right to the foot of the low hills, which lie between it and the

stony steepe, on which Marákesh, girt with its palm trees, stands as in a sea.

As the first rays of sun fell on the company they felt the exultation which buoys up a man who has been riding all the night, and finds himself untired, his horse still fresh, and all the terrors of the darkness blotted out. They shifted in their saddles, rising erect, then settling themselves again pushed on in groups of threes and fours, talking and looking out across the plain.

In half an hour the round white saints' tombs of the Sok Thelatta ibn Nor appeared like mushrooms, and every eye was strained to see whether the tribesmen had arrived. As they rode on, a cloud of dust just rising to the west showed their arrival, and soon the sun shone on the slender single-barrelled guns that Arabs use, holding them upright in their hands, after the way their ancestors held spears.

Out of the dust the tribesmen charged, firing their guns and whirling round like seagulls on the wing. Then pulling up, their horses snorting and passaging, they passed at once from wild excitement to the grave silent attitude which Arabs all affect, just as day changes into night within the tropics, without the twilight intervening to give semitones.

Quickly Menebhi and his band changed horses, and in haste swallowed some food, and then he gave directions to his friends.

"Follow us," he said, "about a rifle-shot behind, and send at once back to the tribe for reinforcements; tell them to hold the bridge across the Tensift at Marákesh when I have crossed it, and have gone into the town."

Once more they took their way across the plain, now heated almost to a furnace by the sun. With faces covered up by veils and handkerchiefs, they looked like maskers in a play, and as they went the lizards darted through the heated stones, snakes

basked, and now and then mysterious pools appeared, which, as the horsemen neared them, took themselves away and reappeared, mocking them in their thirst, they seemed so real, just as our life seems real until death comes in and cheats us, ere we can slake our thirst upon the road.

Hours passed, and still the horses jogged trying to keep up with the mules' swift swimming walk, the heat increased and every stone reflected it, so that it struck both from above and from below and seemed to burn into the bones. The horses sweated and then dried again, the particles of salt glistening upon their skins, and still they pushed along, a cloud of dust blown by the following wind, enveloping and hiding them from sight. At last about the noonday call to prayers, the trees and gardens of the saints' tombs at the oasis of the saint Rahál appeared on the horizon, as it seemed. But the deceiving mirage this time was a friend, for in an hour they reached them, and dismounting, breathed their horses, halting for half an hour beneath some orange trees.

In front the plain stretched on to Zagheriz, which they reached, now fatigued, at three o'clock. Leaving the weaker animals, they set their heads towards the hills of El Gibila, knowing that, if they reached them with an hour or two of light, there were hopes of getting into town before the gates were closed. Changing his horse for a swift pacing mule, Menebhi led the way, dashing along the stony pass, spurring and pulling at his bit, after the Arab style when they ride mules, which answer better to the bit than even to the spur. Right at the summit of the pass, Marákesh burst on them, the Kutubieh like a lighthouse of Islám, springing sheer from the plain like a tall palm tree of brown stone. They raised a shout, knowing that they were well ahead of news, and, with

out looking at the palm wood or the swift green-gray river running on the stones, dashed down the road to join the level plain. They passed the little saints' house on the hill, and as the sun was sinking, leaving but one short hour of light, reached the long bridge which spans the Tensift and then called a halt. The men arrived in groups, their horses panting and gasping, and Menebhi said,

"Hold me the bridge until more men come from the tribe. Let ten men follow me, and in ten minutes ten more men, and in an interval another lot of ten. When I go in beneath the gate, let a man ride three or four hundred paces back and call a halt, and so on with all the other bands of ten. Be ready, keeping your horses bitted, and if at dawn you do not see me coming through the gate attack the town and seize some notables to serve as hostages."

Settling his clothes and hark, he rode into the palm woods which seethe about Marákesh like a flood. He rode through palms and still more palms, whose trunks, touched by the setting sun, glowed red, and then entering the zone of gardens, paced along between high aloe hedges or brown tápia walls. Crossing the wide maldán, which serves as horse market, he entered by the lofty horseshoe gate, the guards not seeing in the dusty, road-stained horse-men, muffled to the eyes as is the fashion in the land, the powerful minister and his familiar friends. Passing the gate, their horses slipping on the stones, they rode through crowded streets, and open spaces where the jugglers and the story-tellers gather crowds, right to the palace walls. Dismounting, with a sign he gave his horse to one of his attendants and say-

ing to the captain of the guard, "The Sultan sent for me and I am here," walked to the courtyard where he knew his master would be found.

As he passed through the various yards and ante-rooms, from the high Kutubieh tower the call for prayer rang out, booming and echoing, and taken up from every minaret. He shivered, knowing his danger, and recognizing that the conflict was at hand.

Crossing the last of all the courtyards he came to where the guards keep watch, just where the Sultan sits. The soldiers knew him and respectfully made way, no news of his disgrace having reached them, and as he gave them peace, his rival dressed in white, and with his face shining with joy, as does the face of him who has found favor with his lord, stood in the gateway. Just for an instant, in the pale dust-stained man, he did not know his foe. But as he would have spoken and have barred the way, the other, throwing back his hood, looked him between the eyes, and said, "Our Lord expects me," and as he spoke he passed into the court. The soldiers closed the gate, and the once joyous and successful rival sank, a white heap of rags, upon a bench.

All night he sat, waiting his fate, and as the morning sun just kissed the mosque towers, flushing them rose-pink, the gateway opened and El-Menebhi, pale with fatigue and dust, but with his eyes alight with victory after the night's debate with his liege lord, appeared before him, as he sat upon the ground. He rose, saluted and stood silent, and the successful rider, throwing his hark across his shoulder, and beckoning for his horse, looked at him stonily and muttered "Dog."

R. B. Cunningham Graham.

THE HOME LIFE OF THE POOR.

Two striking collections of essays on the subject of the poor lie before us,—*"The Canker at the Heart,"* by L. Cope Cornford (Richards, 3s. 6d. net), and *"The Queen's Poor,"* by M. Loane (Edward Arnold, 6s.) The latter, which we will deal with first, is the more illuminating work of the two. The writer really knows her subject. She is a district nurse; and if any one has a right to speak with authority on the subject of the poor, it is surely a district nurse. She sees them at home and she sees them in trouble. She comes in order to alleviate suffering. The obvious object of her visit disarms suspicion, and in the great majority of cases she is received as a friend. If such a woman has the power to write down her experiences, they cannot but be instructive. Miss Loane, judging from her writing, is a woman of sense, sympathy, humor, and literary ability. As we read, it is impossible not to see that she is also an optimist, and impossible not to feel that that fact colors her evidence in some degree. She likes the poor too well not to cover up some of the faults for which poverty is responsible, and we now and then suspect her of arranging her literary shadows so that she may produce that twilight in which squalor is picturesque. But the very instinct which leads her to hide is the same that enables her to reveal. Miss Loane has worked, she tells us, "in every district of a large seaport town, in an inland town, and in what are considered the worst parts of London." All the same, she finds herself obliged to reply to those who question her about "the slums": "I do not know exactly what is meant by a slum. I have seen collections of dwellings that seemed to me painfully poor and crowded, but they were homes to

the people who lived in them. They even spoke of their comforts, and of not being able to get them anywhere except in their own houses; and they meant what they said in a literal way."

Of the relations between husband and wife among the poor—which lie, of course, at the foundation of home life—Miss Loane takes a cheerful view. They are as a rule, she thinks, very good friends. "Few well-to-do people realize how much self-control and unselfishness are necessary before peaceful lives can be lived in crowded quarters," she says, and tells the following story—one from the lips of a little girl—in illustration of her words. "Mother's chest isn't never really bad except when dad smokes in the kitchen of an evening; but she won't say nothing about it to him, because it's very hard if he can't have a pipe in his own house, same as other men does. Sometimes it makes mother feel that queer she has to go to bed, and then dad says: 'Why, what's took you, mother? You've been rampaging round too much. Why don't you let things be? I never take heed of nothing long as I get my meals, and the boys would rather be dirty.' Dad's such a stupid he don't never think it's his smokin' as done it, and he'll make her a cup of tea and carry it up to her, and then he tells me to make haste and grow, so's she won't have so much work to do. It do annoy me! I don't think I'll let my husband act so silly. But mother says you never know till you get them. He's the biggest baby of the lot." The unselfishness is by no means all on the woman's side, however. Miss Loane tells of "men who for months at a stretch did all their own work, waited on a sick wife, and, with

very little help from the neighbors, washed and dressed the children, and gave half Saturday and most of Sunday to house-cleaning." Of course exceptions to the rule of good-fellowship are many and terrible. The saddest thing is that "the wives on whom all the blows and abuse fall are not the women who have deserved them, and might conceivably be restrained by them,"—not those, she goes on to explain, who ill-treat their children and keep their houses like pigsties. "Kicks and oaths are kept for the dull, patient, timid, uncomplaining drudge, generally a little—a very little—below the average in intellect." No man in the lower classes resents his wife's superior education or ability—should she possess such superiority—but is simply proud of it. On the other hand, unhappiness often arises from her ignorance and incapacity to enter into her husband's ambitions, especially where the man has "raised himself." We are told of a case in which a husband's very high wages depended largely on his knowledge of French and German, which he was expected to improve to the highest possible point. "Lessons of the advanced kind that he required, and which, to save time, had to be given in his own house, could not be obtained for less than four shillings an hour. At first the wife was immensely amused, and used to sit outside the little parlor door doubled up with laughter over the queer way of talking, but soon she wearied of this, and endless reproaches over the waste of money began and are still going on."

The children of the poor are, in Miss Loane's experience, very kindly treated, and certainly their condition has greatly improved of late years. "I have often heard certain Acts of Parliament intended for the prevention of cruelty called 'The Children's Charter'; but necessary as these Acts are, it would be a libel on the working classes

to say that they affected the daily lives of more than a minority. To me the Children's Charter is the Compulsory Education Act. It would be no exaggeration to say that it has nearly doubled the years of permitted childhood, and added incalculably to its interests and pleasures." Many drunken men who ill-treat their wives spare their children. "When father's drunk he knocks mother about shameful, but he never hits us a lick," is commonly said; and Miss Loane declares that she knows "scarcely a home so poverty-stricken that every child in it cannot tell you its birthday, and does not expect some little gift, or at least some sign of favor or indulgence, on the anniversary." Here is a list given as typical of the birthday presents of a little girl of nine, one of twelve children: "a silver 'thrup-ny,' and a penny, and a half-penny, and a doll what is not dressed yet, and a piece of cake." As to the moral training of the children of the working class, Miss Loane thinks it leaves a very great deal to be desired. The most common adjectives of praise and blame in use among mothers when describing the characters of their children are "do-syle" and "bigotted,"—i.e., yielding and obstinate. "Cheek" and the destruction of clothing are the highest and most penal offences, and lying is but lightly regarded.

A low standard of truth prevails also among the grown-up poor. Conversation is hampered by very little regard for accuracy. Miss Loane was told of one man, with surprise and admiration: "Why there, I do believe that he might talk to you a whole evening and you'd never catch him out in a lie." The vocabulary of the poor has been greatly enlarged by the Board-school, and the pleasure they take in conversation is great and greatly on the increase. "Nowhere are there such incessant talkers to be found as in the

upper ranks of artisans and the non-commissioned officers of both services." Long words are greatly delighted in by women, and are not, of course, always used correctly. Speaking of the late Queen, a patient said solemnly: "I have always thought that she lived too much in solution." One very significant fact in considering the condition of the poor is this: "Good old days" are not a tradition among them; "all old stories are of hardship." We all, when we consider the poor, desire vaguely that they should go "back to the land"; but do we not greatly exaggerate the delights they enjoyed upon it? The following account—which the present writer has heard amply corroborated by those who remember the times alluded to and are well acquainted with the East Anglian laborer—gives one pause:—" 'I married on 6s. a week,' said an Essex laborer's wife, born about 1818, 'and when my husband got a rise of 2s. we thought we was made. What did we eat? Well, potatoes was pretty cheap, but dear at any price by the time the year was well turned. . . . We grew a few vegetables, but we hadn't much of a garden, nor time to see to it. The bread was dear, and made o' sharps—same as what pigs gets now. . . . Ah, to think of my husband in his first strength getting 6s. a week and a rent to pay, and me here, an old woman, getting 5s. and fire and light and house-room just for doing for the doctor's groom and keeping the place clean against any of his grandchildren sleeps here.' "

How is it that Miss Loane's pictures of poverty differ so considerably from those that have been lately offered to the public,—i.e., from the word-pictures which have recently been appearing in the newspapers? Take, for instance, such a book as "The Canker at the Heart." Mr. Cope Cornford deals to a great extent with the homeless poor,

of whom, of course, Miss Loane knows nothing. But he also deals with the poor who have homes, and when he does so he leaves upon the imagination of his reader an impression of unrelieved misery and squalor. "Vast accretions of foul dwellings"; faces which show neither hope nor despair, pleasure nor any other emotion; half-starved, ill-clad children; and all the horrors which come of poverty and the vice which poverty breeds. Is there any truth in his descriptions? We fear there is a great deal; but they are impressionist pictures, and pictures, too, of first impressions. A father, mother, and five children, one of whom is above school age, living, according to their own account, upon ten to twelve shillings a week, seven of which go on rent, is an unlikely story, though Mr. Cornford believes it. Nevertheless, it is impossible to walk about a poor district of London and deny that Mr. Cornford has been, on the whole, faithful to Nature. How is such conflicting evidence to be reconciled? Differences of temperament and conviction on the part of the writers may account for something, and no place strikes a visitor quite as it strikes an inhabitant. Imagine an educated man or woman who has led an entirely secluded life suddenly dropped into what is vaguely called London society, commissioned to write truly of what he sees with a view to exposure and reform. It is quite likely that the public would get a very ugly picture, and that that picture might do a great deal of good, though the writer might dwell too much on the scandals for which he came to look. On the other hand, it would be absurd to accept his view as either comprehensive or final, or of equal value with that of some one who had lived among those he had but seen. If an inhabitant of the society in which the pessimist was but a visitor wrote a book about his friends, he might

write with too much sympathy, might be ignorant of certain corners; might, for instance, have no first-hand knowledge of the life or doings of those whom fate or fortune has placed within the "smart set,"—just as Miss Loane has no knowledge of those whom ill-luck or dislike to labor has sunk into what we may call the slothful set. Still, the men and women

who see from within know more than those who look from without, though it is always worth while to know "how it strikes a stranger." To such of our readers as really desire to know how the poor live we would recommend both books. By the nurse they will be vastly entertained, and by the journalist they will be—perhaps wholesomely—depressed.

The Spectator.

WHITEWASH.

[In his new tragedy, shortly to be presented at His Majesty's, Mr. Stephen Phillips is understood to have attempted the rehabilitation of the character of Nero. So desperate a task is beyond the powers of the present writer. He is content to bring forward one circumstance in that monarch's earlier career, which should add something of compassion to the resentment with which we regard his deplorable lapses from virtue.]

Friends, Readers, Countrymen, lend me your ears!

I come to whitewash *Nero*, not to praise him.

His was the first of criminal careers

(Unless the lurid record of his years

Wrongly portrays him).

Slain at the age of rising thirty-two,

He filled the Cup of Vice to overflowing;

Much that was better left unknown, *he* knew;

And what he didn't know, if tales be true,

Was not worth knowing.

But as a youth he was not wholly bad;

When he was crowned, men said to one another,

"By Jove! A worthy and a studious lad";

And so he *was*, until—oh passing sad!—

He lost his Mother!

That was the turning point. While she was there

He lived comparatively free from scandal;

He knew the sweetness of a Mother's care;

Felt the correcting arm, that did not spare

A Mother's sandal.

Who knows? Perchance, had she been near to guide,

His reign had been less lamentably shady:

A Vision of Spring in Winter.

But, on the morning of his regal pride,
 With disconcerting suddenness, she died!
 The poor old lady!

Oh, not to trespass on an orphan's grief,
 'Twas from that time he took to paths of error
 (Thinking, no doubt, that change would bring relief),
 Made it a habit, and became, in brief,
 A holy terror.

I say no more. But though his deeds were dark
 They hold a pathos that no crime can smother:
 Young *Nero* would have doubtless made his mark
 Had he not, in a mad, mad, boyish lark,
 Murdered his Mother!

Punch.

*Dum-Dum.***A VISION OF SPRING IN WINTER.**

Childhood does not regard seasons, since each brings its own sufficient delights, and it is as beautiful to be snowed upon as it is to roll in the fragrant hay. To the child, as to the savage, life passes very pleasantly, save for the interruptions of personal illness. But it is another thing with youth, which in its perversity loves to sit at the gate of the autumn feigning familiarity with sorrow. It would seem more natural that Spring should claim the young affections, but continued observation has assured me that this is not so. Youth is apt to make eyes at melancholy and to woo misery for reasons which, after all, are pretty obvious. He jests at wounds who hath not felt a scar; and the innocent imaginations of nonage revel in supposititious orgies of despair. The gloomy Byronic cast of mind fits sentimental youth, which is not wise enough to enjoy life with both hands at that triumphant season of life. Spring should burgeon in the heart as it bourgeons

in the year. To be young and in spring-time is to be doubly favored, to be favored as no man may be favored again ever in life. But twenty will often wantonly renounce its inheritance, turn its back on its good fortune, and esteem not the Spring, but the fall, as most happily it was named in old England, and is still named in Dorsetshire. I suppose autumn offers better chances for dramatic emotions, and yet to figure as hero in a tumultuous romance of love sounds attractive. But it is true that age prefers success, and youth likes to contemplate failure, perhaps because the former has had too much of failure, and the latter considers success so easy. Ah, if youth knew! But youth can know only by experiencing failure, and so there is no help for it. Twenty goes on leaning towards gloom and cozening sorrow in all the traditional habiliments of tragedy.

In October is the grand climacteric of the year, which must then be consid-

ered to cease forthwith for good. It is only for evil that it endures. October is a month of gold, of flying golden sun and gilding leaves, and you may take abundance of joy and satisfaction out of the month, if you will only conveniently forget. Otherwise you will remember that you are present at a deathbed; for the year is passing, and the shadow of the grave is upon it. The descent into the valley is frequently accompanied by an ultimate glory and beauty, but it is the glory of decay, and the beauty of a peaceful end. By November the mourners go about the street, and it is all over. It is open to singularly dull imaginations to protest that the world goes on all the same, but the fact remains that in one-half of creation life ceases. Much of the animal world, too, is sunk in the oblivion of a winter's sleep. We are the heirs of the Ice Age, and only incompletely in key with our environment. Why do we not hibernate? It is sheer perversity. The ceremonies of the winter, however, have some encouragement for us, and there are bright days about the grave. The bracken still droops limply where it has been harvested, dull of hue, but a definite *memento vivere*, at once a reminiscence and a promise of resurrection. Still the red-beech matting hangs thickly on the hedges, and the low sun makes the color. There are days when the world would appear to turn in its sleep, and to dream of life, and then all Nature stirs on the maternal bosom, and the birds sing snatches of their songs, and the primrose and the violet emerge from the sodden earth. This sort of day may be encountered after the turn of the year, even in the thick of savage January, though January has a friendly air in being the first rung of the ascending ladder. "The days draw out" . . . one sympathizes with that bashful youth in *Punch* who made the remark on December 22.

His was a great spirit; he had faith, and could reach a hand through time to the Spring. It is that faith we should cultivate. Yet the difficulty is that we are living in a graveyard. Roses blooming on walls and wild flowers blowing out of doors at Christmas are all very well for happy western and southern climes; they are not for us pariahs of the winter. You see how drearily gray the texture of the grass is, and how old; note how lurid a pall enshrouds the sky. It is all consonant with the obsequies of the year, and so very discouraging. Yet as the days lengthen it is possible even in the worst tempers of the winter to forecast the Spring. The New Year is the season of snows and frosts, if snows and frosts are to come; and I have known the approach to spring to have been heralded with weary weeks of ice and floating bergs and disfigured gardens. It is possible to look beyond the flying snow and see the primroses, even when in its quiet flurry, enwrapping all things in white silence, it recalls the latter end of the earth as painted by Mr. Wells's powerful imagination.

And then there comes that day, unexpected, in the very heart of the winter, when the vision of Spring dawns upon us in all its fulness, in all its wonder and glory. We have seen the whole forest a fabric of twinkling crystal in the hoar-frost, and it has failed to cheer us; it has been merely an exhibition of winter, and has had nothing in the world to do with Spring. It is a very characteristic graceful wintry performance. But a *fico* for it. No: our mild mid-winter hyperborean day is far otherwise. It is soft with the western wind, and has a freshness of feeling that has been left long months behind. Whence comes this breath and fragrance of romance, this vague impression of being bathed in a new and generous air from Olympus? It is a delusion, no doubt, a phantas-

magoria, the mirage of a distant goal; but it stimulates like wine. The scene is the bare boards of winter, and yet the day seems to infuse something friendly and beautiful into that austere setting. There are no leaves, and not even swelling buds give promise of the Spring; the trees are mere empty rigging through which the winter's gales have whistled. About is the sodden earth, gray grass, and ruined choirs; and yet it is all transformed by the hospitable and enchanted air. Some miracle surely is happening under earth, in the shades to which dead Nature has retired. Do we hear Spring's "footless ghost on some unfooted lawn"? We are touched to Spring issues, and to hopes of a resurrection, that resurrection to which animate Nature bears witness year by year. The birds wake in their naked stalls, and the thrush is certainly singing. There is no such generous heart in all Nature as the thrush. The blackbird delays till Spring is surely on the threshold; the chaffinch might be the vernal evangelist. And all the choristers of Spring that make melody arrive in this country when the season is assured. Among the faithless, faithful only is the thrush, for the robin is of the autumn, and his song is a dirge, not a pæan.

The resurrection seems almost accomplished to-day:—

From the outer edge of winter over-
worn

The Outlook.

The ghost arisen of May before the
May
Takes through dim air her unawakened
way,
The gracious ghost of morning risen
ere morn. . . .

And the "little unblown breasts and child-eyed looks" are visible this mid-winter morning, embodied out of empty air of a sudden, flashed forth from the empyrean of eternal summer.

Well, it is good to have dreams and to nourish illusions in a cold stark workaday world. The Spring *will* dawn, though some of us may only see it in visions, and when it comes we must not ask too much of it; for Spring is not youth and may not be stormed. *Einst O Wunder!* But that is an old tale. We cannot claim everything from the recurring Spring, neither the "Morning song beneath the stars" nor the "hopes that triumphed and fell dead," nor "the sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were," and all those dear remembered faded joys—

These may'st thou not give back for
ever; these

As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie
waste,

Lie deeper than the sea;

But flowers thou may'st, and winds
and hours of ease,

And all its April to the world thou
may'st

Give back, and half my April back
to me.

Sufficit.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

MOZART.

The 150th anniversary of the birth of Mozart has just been celebrated, modestly enough in England, but with more ceremony and pride in Vienna, and some critics have taken occasion to consider the place which the music of Mozart now holds in the estimation of

the world. He is, as Mr. Hadow remarked in his lecture, delivered last Saturday at the Bechstein Hall, the favorite composer of composers. For them, no matter how troubled or complex their own minds may be, his divine simplicity is the ideal. Glorified

by the very distance, more than that of years, that seems to divide him from this age, he shines for them like—

The son of morã in weary night's decline,
The lost traveller's dream under the hill.

To hear his music, said Tschalkowsky, makes you feel as if you were performing a good action. Greig has written like a lover, and nearly all the great composers of our time have spoken like lovers in his praise; and yet the ordinary concert-goers, in this country at least, do not share that love. They do not understand Mozart as they understand Beethoven. They do not reverence him as they reverence Bach. Even the critics who praise Mozart are apt to spoil their case by praising him for qualities that are obviously secondary. They say, for instance, that he is so lucid, so sunny, so cheerful; indeed, a certain programme analyst once wrote of the Minuet of the Symphony in E flat that it was "jovial without being vulgar." It is owing to praises of this kind that Mozart is commonly supposed to be a composer of music without tears, and that school girls are trained upon his sonatas, as pleasant, easy music that cannot corrupt their taste, much as boys are set to learn Greek upon Xenophon's *Anabasis*; and, indeed, the notes of Mozart usually do look quite easy; there are not too many of them, and they seem to follow each other naturally. So audiences listen to the G Minor Symphony with half an ear, regarding it as a pleasant relief from the profundities of Richard Strauss. On the other hand, most conductors and players of eminence are agreed that Mozart is the most difficult of all composers to interpret, and none certainly is so seldom well interpreted. A good performance of Mozart's G Minor Symphony is

rarer than one of Beethoven's *Eroica*; a good performance of *Don Giovanni* than one of the *Götterdämmerung*.

It is the difficulty of understanding Mozart that makes it difficult to play him, and he is difficult to understand, not because he was born 150 years ago, but because he was born unlike other men, in the nature of his mind as well as in the extent of his powers. His mind had a kind of celestial unity which no bitter experience of this world could dissolve or perplex. Reality for him was all good, true, and beautiful. He learnt of the conflict in the nature of things, not from the experience of his own heart, but from mere external observation, as if he were a disinherited angel wandering about the earth and loving it, even when it wronged him, because it was only in his nature to love. In his music he seems to remember the songs of his native Heaven. He is never willingly sorrowful, for sorrow is not an essential part of life to him. It is something inexplicable, like pain to a child, something which he expresses only to get rid of; and his divine pity, the quality which has most endeared him to troubled men of genius like Chopin or Tschalkowsky, is pure compassion, unmixed with blame or good advice or philosophic endurance, the compassion of an angel who sees no reason why men should suffer or why earth should not be like Heaven. The natural process of his mind when composing was to pass in sound from earth into Heaven, as may be seen in the greatest of all his works of absolute music, the Quintet in G minor. The first movement of that piece is sad, with a wondering, reluctant sadness. The grief is not probed or worked into a passion; Mozart could never be accustomed enough to sorrow to express it with passion. It was for him merely a hindrance to true reality and life, an obstacle to full expression; and

in this movement his mind seems to be struggling to express itself amid a swarm of obstacles. The movement and rhythm are not those of grief; they labor to escape from grief, like the wings of a bird beating in a cage. In the *Minuet* this blind labor continues for a while, until in the *Trio* there is a sudden hope of release and a passage of celestial rejoicing not yet freed from the pain of humanity. In the slow movement the release is accomplished, the wings are free, but the divine voice is solemn in the newness of its triumph.

Candidus insuetum miratur limen
Olympi.

The movement as it proceeds seems to pass deeper and deeper into bliss and takes on that passion of pure joy which Mozart alone can express, the only passion to which he will surrender his whole mind. In him it seems to be no mere piece of imaginative conjecture, but quickened and fed at every turn by recognition, as if his art really could carry his enlightened spirit back into "that shady city of palm trees" remembered from beyond his birth. In the last movement of the Quintet, after a short passage of troubled recollection, which passes like a bad dream, the earth is quite forgotten and the spirit of the master seems to be at home in its native Heaven and to soar higher and higher into an infinity of joy until it is lost from our sight.

Yet with all this unearthliness, with all this irreconcilable strangeness to the world, Mozart was the most dramatic of all composers, and there is nothing so inexplicable in art as his dramatic power. He made plays for the delight of men, as a painter of miraculous gifts might make vivid pictures of the scenery and creatures of a newly-discovered land. His operas are filled with living people, but they are not pieces of his own mind, though he cre-

ates them and fills them with life. The Don, Leporello, Cherubino, Almaviva, Zerlina, Donna Anna, and the rest of them all live in his music with an infinite diversity and independence of life. The music begins and a whole world starts into being and seems to conduct its affairs according to its own laws without any further interposition from its creator. Most great composers of opera use their plot as a machinery for expressing a series of moods and passions. There is progress from one mood or passion to another, but while the mood or passion lasts, all is stationary, the characters are mere instruments of expression, they are lost in the general theme. "Che farò" is a universal song of love and death, Isolde dissolves in her liebestod with all the circumstances of time and place. But in *Don Giovanni* there are none of these stationary pauses. The illusion never fades. The play is always the thing. The greatest songs belong to their singers, express their characters, and issue naturally from their actions. Yet all the while they are talking their creator's language and express through their own actions and characters the divine beauty of his nature. They are like figures in a great picture with all the particularity of life, yet enveloped in the artist's own peculiar tone, and wrought with his inimitable handling. He seems, in fact, to have a creative power not like that of other artists who are distracted between their need to follow reality and their desire to break into a new world of their own imagining. He can imagine anything, and give it life like a god who is freed from the necessity of imitation. Don John is not taken from life. He has none of the ugliness or sin of a real man of his way of living. He lives in a world created to harmonize with him, and yet he and his world are more real than if they had been studied from the

Whitechapel-road, and all written down in dull prose. He expresses every kind of emotion, and all emotions become him and turn to beauty through his lips. Beethoven thought *Don Giovanni* an immortal opera; but that must have been a mere whim of his mind. No one could take any harm from it. No one, it is true, could learn any lessons from it. You could not learn lessons from any of Mozart's music. It passes no criti-

The Speaker.

cism on life. It seems to be conscious of no great tendency of things, and no abstract forces sound in it. Fate does not knock at the door in *Don Giovanni*, but only the statue of the Commander. You can make a whole catalogue of what that music does not express, and when you have made it the music remains like a starry night or a spring morning, past all analysis in its beauty and a source of pure, inexplicable delight and awe.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Archibald Constable & Co. have become the London publishers of The Atlantic Monthly.

A book "On Art and Artists" by Dr. Max Nordau is promised by Mr. Fisher Unwin, in which the author of "Degeneration" gives a comprehensive view of the development of modern art as represented by such painters and sculptors as Whistler, Frank Brangwyn, Rodin, Meunier, Gustave Moreau, Carrière, Bouguereau, and many others.

Dr. Leyds (formerly secretary to President Kruger) has occupied some of his leisure since the signing of the peace of Vereeniging in writing a history of "The First Annexation of the Transvaal," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish. Throughout the volume English authorities, above all the Blue-books, have been cited almost exclusively.

The Athenæum remarks that it is confidently asserted in many quarters that the printing of the Tenth Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, now being prepared, will be done in the United States. Should this prove to be the case, it will be the first time that

this work has been produced outside Edinburgh, and its loss will be severely felt by the printing trade there.

Less than a fortnight before his death Mr. G. J. Holyoake passed the last proofs of his "History of Co-operation," which is shortly to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The first edition of this work appeared some twenty years ago. The new edition has been practically rewritten, and embodies the history of the movement up to the present day.

A volume of "Letters from Samoa," by Mrs. M. I. Stevenson, will be published this month by Messrs. Methuen. The letters, which have been arranged by Mrs. M. C. Balfour, cover the period of Mrs. Stevenson's life in Samoa up to the death of her son in 1894. They are published, we are told, "less with any desire to add to the accumulation of literature concerned with him than on their own merits, and to do justice to the memory of a noble and charming woman."

The two new elections to the Académie Française passed without anything in the way of a surprise. M.

Alexis Félix Joseph Ribot, who is better known as a politician than as a *littérateur*, succeeds to the seat of the late Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier; and M. Maurice Barrès has been elected to the place occupied by M. José Maria de Heredia. In each case, the election was by an overwhelming majority. M. Barrès is still a young man, and has written a number of books, some of which have enjoyed considerable popularity.

The Academy remarks of Mr. Henry Jackson, the new Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, that he is said to be the only man who ever beat Sir Richard Jebb in an examination. This was in a competition for one of the University prizes. In the Classical Tripos he was third in the year in which Jebb was Senior. Like Jowett, he is perhaps greater as a Platonist than as a Hellenist; but no one is likely to say of him—what scoffers said of Jowett—that he will now have a motive for learning Greek, and that his appointment is thus an instance of “the endowment of research.”

That the English are taking a lively interest in American political problems is attested anew by the announcement by an English house of a work entitled “Bossism and Monopoly,” by Mr. T. C. Spelling. It describes minutely the trust system in the United States, and emphasizes its dangers. Among the subjects of the chapters are the following: the general monopoly and trust situation; partnerships between party bosses and monopoly; how to overthrow party bosses; abuses of privilege by municipal-service monopolies;

the advantages of municipal ownership; abuses by railroads in private hands; remedies and proposed remedies; and the feasibility and advantages of Government ownership.

The London Sphere announces the most extensive enterprise yet planned by English publishers in the shape of cheap reprints of standard books. The series is projected by Mr. Dent, whose Temple Classics have enjoyed such popularity. The scheme is divided up into biography, which includes Boswell's “Johnson”; into a children's library, which will include Hans Andersen, W. H. G. Kingston, and so on; into essays and belles-lettres, which include Bacon, Coleridge, Emerson, and even a volume of Froude's essays; into fiction, in which perhaps there is little scope for novelty, although an introduction by Mr. Swinburne to Reade's “The Cloister and the Hearth” will be exceedingly welcome; into history, which includes a beautiful set of Macaulay in three volumes and Carlyle's “French Revolution,” with an introduction by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P.; into philosophy and theology, which will include a set of F. W. Robertson's sermons, with an introduction by Canon Barnett, and the sermons of Hugh Latimer, with an introduction by Canon Beeching. One interesting book of the science section will be a volume of Huxley's essays, with an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge, and in the travel series Borrow's “Wild Wales,” with an introduction by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. It is the intention of Mr. Dent to throw the first fifty volumes of this library upon the market at once.